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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
WILLIS'S MELCHIOR, by T. HALL CAINE . . .	321
BENT'S THE CYCLES, by the Rev. H. F. TOZER . . .	322
THORNTON'S HARROW SCHOOL, by the Rev. C. J. ROBINSON . . .	323
NIXON'S STORY OF THE TRANSVAAL, by W. WICKHAM . . .	324
HARTMANN'S PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS, by the Hon. RODEN NOEL . . .	324
FRENCH LITERATURE . . .	327
NOTES AND NEWS . . .	328
ORIGINAL VERSE: "THE LINKS OF CARNOOSTIE," by G. R. M. . . .	329
OBITUARY . . .	329
MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS . . .	329
SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS . . .	330
CORRESPONDENCE:—	
"Atterbury" in the "Dictionary of National Biography," by C. E. DOBLE; "A Slavonic Parallel to 'The Merchant of Venice,'" by James G. FRAZER; "The Surname 'Poynts,'" by T. WITTON DAVIES; "The Merton Professorship of English Language and Literature," by Henry Sweet; "The Squire Papers," Dr. W. Squire . . .	330-31
APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK . . .	331
BAKER'S FLORA OF THE LAKE DISTRICT, by FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS . . .	332
CORRESPONDENCE:—	
"A Middlehill MS. of Cicero," by G. NUTT; Stokes and Windisch's "Irish Texts," by Prof. RHYE . . .	332-33
SCIENCE NOTES . . .	333
PHILOLOGY NOTES . . .	334
MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES . . .	334
THE ROYAL ACADEMY, by CLAUDE PHILLIPS . . .	334
THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, by F. WEDMORE . . .	336
CORRESPONDENCE:—	
"The Brough Stone," by the Rev. H. M. SCARTH . . .	336
NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY . . .	337
THE STAGE, by F. WEDMORE . . .	337
RECENT CONCERTS, by J. S. SHEDLOCK . . .	337

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*Melchior* is a poetic romance. It is not a novel in verse, but it is, perhaps, the nearest approach I have met with to that kind of

literary haggis. If, as we hear, Charles Reade was of opinion that it ought to be possible to write a novel in rhythm, and perhaps in rhyme, the idea deserves respect. We have small reason to credit that great novelist with an accurate notion of what a poem ought to be, but we have the best possible reason to credit him with the most perfect notion of what a novel ought not to be. And if, without violation of that metrical unity which no great poem of length (unless it be the "Idylls of the King") has yet been able to dispense with, it seemed possible to combine the variety which Reade knew to be essential to fiction, the attempt was worthy of the powers of a novelist and dramatist who is a poet also. Once achieved, the gain would be equal to the addition of music to words that are themselves musical. But the combination is surely a mistake in art. It is like restoring a Grecian temple with a flying buttress from a Gothic cathedral. It is just as grave a blunder to think that a good novel can be written in verse as to think that a good novel may be made into a good play. The three kinds of art—poetry, fiction, and the drama—are so unlike each other that there is really next to nothing in common between them. They may all treat of the passions and actions of men and women, and there the affinity ends. We might as well say that from this sole cause the painter's and the sculptor's art are capable of combination. The poetic art has one way of achieving its purpose, the art of fiction has another way, and the dramatic art a third way. Goethe defined acutely the difference between the novel and the drama when he said that the interest of the one is always being held back, while that of the other is always rushing forward. And a difference no less radical divides poetry from fiction. Perhaps it may be said that the evidence of fact defeats the theories of criticism. Good plays have come out of good novels—true; but only by such a remodelling as held in subordination in the play what was salient in the novel. A good poem out of the material proper to a good novel has not yet, so far as I know, been made. Assuredly one of the best efforts is this poem by Mr. Wills, and its merit lies even less in its novelesque qualities than did the merit of the poems of Crabbe.

Such incident as the poem contains is slight and unimportant. A composer, Melchior, under the shadow of failure, when the world seems to have turned its back upon him, retires much into solitude. At this juncture, no less trying for his spirituality than for his art, a beautiful woman drops into his life. He rescues her from drowning. He loves her, and is beloved by her. His passion becomes the tie which is necessary to bind his too ethereal soul to the world. But it degenerates (or develops) into physical affection, and he asks her to become his wife. She declares this to be impossible. He is advised to put her from him. She disappears, and he falls into deep melancholy. At one moment she reappears to him, and he, distraught with anguish, mistakes her for an evil spirit, and kills her. Then it is that, free from the restraints of sense, their true community of soul begins. Melchior has her constantly with him. He predicts the hour of his death, and dies as the clock strikes.

The best part of *Melchior* is, however, akin to the best part of a good novel, and it is an element almost new to poetic romance—character. Heroic character, like heroic incident, has always been a part of this type of poetry. The big bow-wow, as Scott understood the phrase, is not a thing to undervalue. To do it well requires sentiment, imagination, and a constant elevation of feeling. To do it as Scott did it, whether in *Marmion* or in *Guy Mannering*, requires genius and—not least—manliness. But a rarer, though not a higher, thing is the quality which Scott valued in Jane Austen—the power of making much of idiosyncrasy, of half shades of eccentric character, of minute indications of temperament. This is a power which Mr. Wills shows in a very unusual degree. *Charles I.* contained a good deal of the big bow-wow, which perhaps our opinions no less than our sentiment constrained us to reject sometimes; but *Melchior* has the rarer quality better developed. In this romance there is a sceptic named Wolfgang who is wonderfully well depicted. His disbelief in the higher emotions, his contempt of women, his hard cynicism, and the libertinism no less than the brutality to which this outlook on life as an empty sky naturally leads, are indicated with many graphic touches.

"His parents lawless Wroth and Mockery.  
Had he in tender years been gently cherished,  
And met for merit modest recompense,  
The common vulgar sunshine of success,  
He had been less a discord in life's chorus."

Equally good of another kind is the sketch of a somnambulatory soul, a serving man of Melchior's, called Dutch John. This man's dense and drowsy happiness, his little life rounded by a sleep and a pipe and his *Vrouwe*, are often deliciously touched.

"As is thy mind to minds of busy men  
So is the dial to a busy watch—  
Though never out of order, oft a blank."

Somewhat akin to Dutch John, but on a higher plane of intelligence, and heightened to our interest by the bickering, the flirtation, but ultimate loyalty, of a shrewish wife, is the painter Hans. The tenderness of heart which takes something from Hans's manliness adds to his charm, and among the many felicitous touches in the poem none seems to me happier than the account of how the termagant found and destroyed a packet of old love-letters among the papers of her simple-hearted husband.

"... A little perfumed treasure  
Of love-letters, as innocent as bonbons,  
A little, old, deserted nest of love  
Where once a love-bird brooded."

One has a vague sensation of having met with the figure before, but it is charmingly sweet and fresh. There is a doctor in the poem, but he is not so clearly realised. The lady, Bianca, whose misery was her sleepless pity, is rather shadowy, and Melchior himself, with his sensitive, high-pitched soul, is also a little vague. It would perhaps be more fair to say that this type of character, a type that may be supposed to exist in the clouds, but has nothing to do with life, and certainly does not stand square on its legs, is quite outside my own sympathy, whether of appreciation or apprehension.

As a poem, *Melchior* is full of beautiful

things. Here is an old-fashioned figure well employed:

"But what am I? A hasty traveller,  
Posting between the present and the future,  
That baits awhile in this dull fleshly tavern."

Quaint and full of humour is the description of the "meek conventual hens" who "supped at the green pool," and after each sup piously upturned "a grateful beak." Stronger is this:

"And in the burrow vast of speculation  
For ever sending down the ferret, thought,  
To drive to light the fugitive solution."

The general atmosphere is, as we say, admirable; but no less admirable is what may, perhaps, be called the incidental atmosphere:

"Some city dame, bepainted, powdered, patched—  
In gloved hand a nosegay of fresh flowers  
That knew no toilet but the early dew,  
And preached in vain."

Philosophy, whether general or incidental, is not the strong feature of the poem; but there are here and there some reflections on life thrown off with all the precision of intaglios:

"There is more reckless mischief in a fool  
Than in the rankest knave who counters you;  
The tents of wickedness have less of scathe  
Than hath the home where Folly jangles bells."

The longer passages are hardly equal to the promise of these fragments; but there are two that show sustained power:

"There may be mortal seeds within the love,  
That roots its being on one spot adored;  
The love that bleeds to feed with its life blood  
One well beloved idol of the heart;  
Or with devoted and concentrated worship—  
That bigotry of love, that crushes self—  
By passionate suction at some poisoned wound  
Absorbs its death for one all treasured life.  
But there's elixir in the love of kind,  
In that wide, healthy charity for all,  
That earthly parallel to Love Eternal,  
Bland antiseptic in the house of Life."

The last passage we shall quote describes a journey of Melchior in pursuit of Bianca, who is believed to be dead:

"The fishers loitered on the bank to wonder,  
So haggard-lone his grief; so wild his question,  
Had any seen his dead? He bribed their zeal—  
The flimsy silver in their bursting nets  
Would not repay so full as that sad find.  
But none had seen it. Cowered back a child  
Behind its mother, lest perchance 'twould see  
The lady lifeless in her yellow hair  
Float by below, or that bleached man might  
call,

An awesome voice might chill it to the heart.  
By night, on either side he scanned the shore,  
As if he hoped to see her lovely wraith  
Flit with the boat, or on a crag erect,  
Guide him with sloping arm to that he sought  
Until the dawn rose in bleak vacancy,  
And on the yellow flood that swept and swirled  
Nothing but he—chilled, famished, and alone.  
Then home came Melchior—the hope, the duty  
Which buoyed him, fell away, and rudderless  
Drifted the foundering vessel of his life."

I presume that it would be right to describe the ethical purpose of the poem as a protest against materialism and a plea for the higher spirituality within the trammels of the flesh. Not for this or for any other purpose, ethical or literary, shall I as an individual reader value the poem; but as a study of still life that is full of charm and suggestion, of pathos and humour, of nobility and healthy cheer I shall class *Melchior* in my memory among books in another art like *Demetri Roudine* and *Two Little Wooden Shoes*—all unlike and all very good.

T. HALL CAINE.

*The Cyclades; or, Life among the Insular Greeks.* By J. Theodore Bent. (Longmans.)

MR. BENT'S book deserves all success, for it is the result of researches pursued in the most laudable manner. When an educated man selects for his field of observation an interesting and little-explored area of country, and, after learning the language, spends a considerable part of two winters there, living among all classes of the people so as to familiarise himself with the details of their life, and to become intimately acquainted with their ideas and modes of thought, he deserves the title of an enthusiastic investigator. Any one who reads this book can see that the discomforts which the author—and his wife, who accompanied him—had to undergo, though they are comparatively little dwelt on, were often very severe. Dirt, vermin, stifling rooms, closets to sleep in, and nauseous food, were sufficiently discouraging conditions of life, but damp was even a more formidable enemy. It required some courage to face an abode of which it could be said, "A damper house I never saw in all my life; all our clothes were wet, and dew stood on our boots in the morning." And the instance here given was by no means a solitary one. Mr. Bent has not only done this, but he has shown himself admirably qualified for the task which he undertook, owing to his remarkable powers of observation, the careful preparation which enabled him to know beforehand the principal points which called for inquiry, his extensive knowledge of cognate subjects which might serve for illustration, and his tact and perseverance in winning the confidence of the people among whom he was thrown. His minute observation leads him to notice numerous details which give reality to his narrative. Thus, to take one instance out of a hundred, in describing the house of a potter at Siphnos (the Siphniotes are famed throughout Greece both for this art and for that of cookery), he describes the bed as

"formed by some boards fixed into the wall on two sides, and supported at the outer angle by the rough trunk of a tree, with one branch left as a step to help you climb the four feet that it was raised from the ground. Some hard woollen sheets and a hairy rug or 'chlamys' of homespun material formed all the covering for these boards."

He adds that the potter and his wife had just risen from this bed, and they insisted that he and his companion should mount on to it. "They would take no refusal, poor hospitable old things, so we passed the remainder of the night there as best we could." Mr. Bent is an adept at telling a story; indeed, the history of Zeppo—an imaginative and superstitious fisherman of Antiparos, who was once carried off by Naxiot pirates, if so dignified a name may be given to professional goat-stealers, and, after various adventures, was left on a desert island, where he became delirious before he was rescued—would make the fortune of a novel-writer. Zeppo's intervals of agitation and cigarette-smoking during the recital of this caused the author to remark that he "had all the cunning of a periodical about him, which doles out its stories in instalments by the month, and leaves its readers in suspense." We are bound to add that he himself possesses the same ingenuity in a remarkable

degree. Of humour, also, he has no lack, as witness the following:

"They brought out of their houses everything they had in the way of embroidery or treasures to show us, and, among other things, they brought us the remnants of a curious old costume, called the *κολόβια*, consisting of two rows of knitted string, which was stiff enough to stick out at least half a yard behind the wearer; and it was worn by all the women of Engarrais, the priest told us, when he was a boy, underneath their dresses, to make them stand out behind. He was much amused when told that fashionable English ladies wear the same things nowadays, and call them 'bustles.' 'I had thought,' was his sage reply, 'that the English were more civilised than we are, and yet our women have abandoned these foolish things these twenty years.'"

The name *Cyclades* signified in ancient times the islands which lie around the sacred isle of Delos; but Mr. Bent has included in his narrative most of the outlying islands which were called *Sporades*, such as Melos, Ios, and Amorgos; in fact, he has described all those that occupy the central portion of the Aegean. His account of them is by far the fullest that has yet been given, though those of Tournefort, the French botanist, who travelled there in 1700, and of Ross, the German scholar, in the middle of the present century, are of great value. The islands in themselves are an attractive study from the varied points of interest which they present: the beauty of their forms, the peculiarity and remoteness of their position, their history and antiquities, and numerous other features, besides the people themselves, whose life was the author's chief object of study. None of these have been neglected in this volume. Among curious places it would not be easy to find anything more striking than the rock-hewn villages of Santorin, which, as they occupy the sides of deep gullies, are hardly discoverable until you are in the midst of them; or the convent in Amorgos, which overhangs the sea at a great height on the face of the cliffs; or the grotto of Antiparos, or the still more famous quarries of Paros, which are once more being worked at a considerable depth underground. The prehistoric period is represented in the primeval habitations which have been excavated in the tufa of Santorin and Therasia. As regards historic times, the classical period naturally takes precedence in point of interest, but later periods are also noticed. Of the influence of the Latin occupation subsequent to the Fourth Crusade, we find curious traces, in addition to a number of ruined buildings. In Siphnos various Western words have made their way into the dialect, and a convent there is called *Μογκού*, in consequence of the founder, when reproached for the amount of money he had spent upon it, having replied in French, "J'ai fait mon goût." In a song which is sung to accompany certain wedding ceremonies in Santorin, the passage occurs:

"The bride is Venice, and her swain  
Is like that city on the main."

In Andros a property is called *φένδα*, Italian *feudo*. Recent history, again, is well illustrated in the writer's account of the foundation of the town of Hermoupolis, in Syra, which is now a great commercial centre, with most of the prosaic elements which gather round such places; but the story of its



establishment is truly romantic, as it took its rise in the tragedy of the massacres in Chios in 1821, when the refugees from that island fixed their abode there. Even natural history finds some incidental notice. Though we know from the *Odyssey* that seals were familiar to the Greeks, and the name Phocæa and the figure of a seal on its coins testify to the same thing, yet it will still be a surprise to some persons to hear of seals snorting and dashing past a boat which had penetrated into a deep cave on the seashore. Mr. Bent also heard of, though he did not see, the rare ibex which is found on the desert island of Antimelos. This is the same which exists in the high mountains of Crete, and is only found, besides these two places, in some of the small islands which run off from the extremity of Pelion.

To turn, however, to that which is the chief subject of the book—the life of the insular Greeks. Under this head come customs, games, dresses, ceremonies—whether religious or secular—superstitions, charms and incantations, legends, stories, proverbs, and riddles; and the value of Mr. Bent's account of these is greatly enhanced by the manner in which they are introduced. When we study collections of superstitions, for instance, however great their scientific value may be, the beliefs of the people seem to be presented to us in a cut-and-dried state, and from time to time we are inclined to regard them as occasional phenomena, and in some cases only survivals. But in a book like the present, where they occur in the ordinary course of the narrative, we make the acquaintance of those who believe in them in the midst of their habitual surroundings, and learn not only the intense reality of such beliefs, but also how large a part of the ideas of the Greeks they form. It is of course impossible in a review to do more than touch on some of these points. The mythology of Modern Greece is so well known in its main features through the works of Wachsmuth, Bernhard Schmidt, and Polites, that Mr. Bent has not greatly added to our information about it. Charon, the god of death, the Nereids or nymphs, usually malevolent in their disposition, and the Lamia, or spirit of the storm, are here, as elsewhere, the principal figures; but the stories which the people relate about them are deeply impressive. At the warm springs in Kythnos the peasants affirm "that Charon has his garden below them, where he plants young men and women and small children instead of flowers." At the ceremonies which followed the birth of a child in Sikinos the door was kept carefully shut, and no one was allowed to go in or out, lest the Nereids should get possession of it. When wreaths of spray gather into small waterspouts in the basin of Santorin, the sailors say, "The Lamia of the sea is travelling." Genii also (στούχεια) are common, and a kind of satyrs, whom Mr. Bent heard of in Naxos and Paros; these latter he calls Kalkagari, though elsewhere they are generally known as Kalikantsari. The Vampire or Vourkolakas superstition everywhere exercises a ghastly influence on the minds of the people, and many are the stories of the bodies of those who have thus become night-wanderers, refusing to decompose in their

graves. To give one instance out of many strange customs. In Kimolos, when a house is built, a goat or a bird is killed, and a cross made with the blood on the foundation stone; and in other places, on launching a vessel, the same ceremony is performed, which thus corresponds to the traditional bottle of wine in English dockyards; but in Santorin this is followed by a much more serious observance, for "the captain jumps off the bows into the sea with all his clothes on." Some of the charms used as remedies for diseases are of the most grotesque description. In Sikinos a species of ophthalmia, called bird-blindness, is cured by taking the heart of a black lamb and throwing it raw to a black cock, and when he has pecked at it three times, it is cooked and given to the patient to eat. The following is a receipt for a love charm in Amorgos: "Get an animal, a mule or a goat, even a dog will do if you can get nothing better, open its mouth, and make it bleed some drops into your frying-pan. Cook the dinner in this without blowing the fire, and see that the man to be won eats of this dish."

In order to study carefully the religious ceremonies of the islanders our author timed his visits to different places so as to be present on special occasions. In this way he witnessed the extraordinary observances connected with the sacred pictures at Amorgos. These take place at Easter time, and seem quite to overshadow the festival. He also saw, and has described with much interesting detail, the great pilgrimage of Modern Greece—the festival at the shrine of the Madonna at Tenos. But the object of his visit to Mykonos was the most remarkable of all. Throughout the Aegean this island is famous for its dirge singers, who extemporise lamentations over the dead. This custom is observed in many parts of Greece, but nowhere else in such perfection. He tells us, with something like an expression of self-reproach, that he landed there with the intention of remaining until somebody had died; and this purpose he felt considerable delicacy in revealing to his entertainers; but as soon as it was discovered that he was interested in the ceremonies of which their island was justly proud, they altogether reassured him on this point. The opportunity presented itself, and it was one worth waiting for. Such a scene has been powerfully described by Fauriel in the Introduction to his *Chants populaires de la Grèce*; but the wonderful vividness of Mr. Bent's account of the entire proceeding renders his story even more impressive. It must be read entire in order to be appreciated.

We have left ourselves but little space in which to speak of another subject with which Mr. Bent's book deals—that of Hellenic archaeology; but this we regret the less, because that is not his strongest point. We do not mean to say that it does not contain much valuable information in this respect, for the author devoted much time and trouble to such investigations, and has carefully recorded the results. He has also an extensive acquaintance with the classics, and is ready in applying his recollections of them. But his notices, especially of inscriptions, often fail us at the point where exactness is most needed, and his references are extremely vague. To the hungry enquirer it is tan-

talising to be put off with indefinite citations of "Athenæus" or "Lucian." To this we must add that Mr. Bent's scholarship is evidently untrustworthy. We have before us a long list of mistakes, which it would be a thankless task to introduce here. His inaccuracy in proper names is extraordinary, and this applies to mediæval and modern as well as ancient ones; and when he ventures on etymologies, they are usually bad. Even his Modern Greek, where we have the opportunity of judging of it, is liable to be incorrect, as when he translates γαλός (αἰγαλός) by "the sea" (p. 496). But this does not much detract from the usefulness of the book as a unique description of the life and ideas of a people, which renders it a very storehouse of facts for the student of customs and myths. And in this respect its value will be permanent. Other travellers may follow in Mr. Bent's footsteps, and fill up what is wanting in his archaeological information; but in a few years' time, if any traveller be found so enduring as to attempt once more the task which he has so well performed, it is highly probable that a great part of these interesting customs and ideas will have disappeared. We hope so; for superstitions, however attractive to the curious, are as closely associated with mental degradation as picturesqueness in buildings is with dirt and unhealthiness. Anyhow, we have Mr. Bent's own testimony that the higher Greek clergy have set their faces sternly against them, and that reforming Demarchs are beginning to eradicate them.

H. F. TOZER.

#### *Harrow School and its Surroundings.* By Percy M. Thornton. (W. H. Allen.)

THIS is a big book, containing some four hundred and eighty pages, but its interest is hardly commensurate with its size. The writer shows much industry and some enthusiasm, but the reader is not likely to share the latter feeling if he toils through the results of the former. Yet Harrow School, its memories and associations, ought to form an attractive subject, and if it has not proved so in Mr. Thornton's hands the author must in some degree be in fault. The fact is he is often tedious and given to employ far more words to express his meaning than best serve that purpose. Who cares to know that "Custos recounts how Dr. Longley promptly forgave him for accidentally bespattering the preceptorial person with mud, which in a scuffle with a young Harrovian had been thrown on the magisterial toga"? or, if these are memories worth recalling, could not Mr. Thornton give them in simpler and fewer words? There is really a great deal of valuable information scattered over the diffuse pages of the book, and in the Appendices not a few important evidences, but the general character of the work is marred by its mode of execution.

The history of Harrow School as an educational institution is not a very long one; for, though it was founded by John Lyon in 1571, it made no mark during the first century of its existence. The endowment was too small to provide a suitable salary for a master of any special attainments, and there were no advantages in the shape of scholarships and

exhibitions to induce "foreigners" to resort to it. Looking through Prof. Mayor's List, we do not find the admission of a single Harrow boy into St. John's, Cambridge, from 1629 to 1665; and this fact, combined with others, leads one to conclude that until the close of the seventeenth century Harrow was nothing more than a local grammar school of small reputation. Its rise to the high position which it now occupies has not been *per saltum* (for, like all schools, Harrow has had periods of comparative depression), but we may fairly say that it emerged from obscurity during the mastership of Thomas Brian (1691-1731) and within five-and-twenty years attained to something like distinction. In numbers, indeed, it was far below Eton, and Dr. Thackeray, whom the late head master called the school's "second founder," never brought them above 140—the limit reached by Mr. Brian. Among them, however, were included in 1752 the Duke of Gordon, Lord Downe, and other aristocratic youths, and scholarship was well represented by Samuel Parr, Warburton Lytton, and Sir William Jones. Dr. Thackeray resigned the head mastership in 1760, and died very soon afterwards; but his successor, Dr. Robert Sumner, fully sustained the high reputation which Harrow had then acquired, and at his premature death, in 1771, the school stood in the forefront of popular favour. The trustees made choice of an Etonian, Dr. Benjamin Heath, to fill Dr. Sumner's place. The boys, on the other hand, were determined to have no other master than Dr. Parr, whose classical knowledge was well known to them by reason of his having acted for some years as head master's assistant. The contention was a hot one. The senior scholars protested in strong terms, and some of the more lawless resorted to acts of violence. Of course, Dr. Heath was elected, and the only result was that Parr withdrew from Harrow to Stanmore, taking with him more than forty of the older boys. The school, however, quickly recovered from this misfortune, and three years after Dr. Heath's appointment its numbers rose to 205. Then followed what Mr. Thornton calls "the halcyon days of Harrow"—the period of Dr. Joseph Drury's mastership, when Byron and Peel, and Althorp and Perceval, were but the most illustrious names upon a long and brilliant roll of famous scholars. Byron's attachment to his school is well-known. A part of the time passed there was, he says, the happiest of his life, and yet he admits that he was an unpopular boy. Mr. Thornton gives some anecdotes of Byron in connexion with Harrow which are worth recording, and gravely cites the following epitaph written by the poet at the age of thirteen, upon the death of the "tuck"-shop keeper, as "a sure evidence that he was a believer in the truths of Christianity":

"A time shall come when all green trees shall fall,  
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all."

We cannot trace the progress of the school under its successive masters—Drs. George Butler, Charles Longley, Christopher Wordsworth and C. J. Vaughan, but their respective careers would almost suggest that an unsuccessful schoolmaster is likely to make a good bishop. Under Wordsworth (the late Bishop of Lincoln) the numbers fell to seventy, but in less than three years Dr. Vaughan

raised them to 313, and they now exceed five hundred. Perhaps no school has in the past century produced more men of mark than Harrow, and one can but regret that the absence of any old school records prevents us from knowing more about the condition and character of its earlier scholars.

Mr. Thornton devotes an entertaining chapter to Harrow cricket, and does well to preserve the memory of those who in past days have successfully handled the willow. "Bob Grimston," by the way, was never in the Harrow eleven, though the life and soul of Harrow cricket. The brothers Lang, Arkwright, Ponsonby, Webbe and Hadow are not wholly forgotten; but, after all, cricketing fame is fugitive, as the following anecdote shows:

"F. C. Cobden . . . pulled the University match out of the fire for Cambridge, earning a renown which will not fade. . . . A small Harrow boy, talking of F. C. Cobden, was asked by his parents what relationship his hero claimed to the great Cobden. The lad indignantly replied, 'He is the great Cobden.'"

As such, no doubt he should have a place in Mr. Leslie Stephen's Dictionary, which ought not to ignore the eminence in athletics that is honoured by the nation.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

*The Complete Story of the Transvaal from the "Great Trek" to the Convention of London.*

By John Nixon. (Sampson Low.)

THIS is a very fair and readable history of the Transvaal by a gentleman who, in a former work—*Among the Boers* (the result of a tour undertaken in the years 1877 and 1878)—gave an account of the Transvaal and the Boers as he found them during the period of the annexation. Mr. Nixon returned to South Africa at the end of 1879, and arrived at Pretoria just in time to be shut in by the 600 Boers who, for three months, kept 2,000 fighting men imprisoned. During the siege he held a commission in the commissariat. After peace was declared he was elected a member of the Loyalists' Committee, and attended the sittings, at Newcastle in Natal, of the Royal Commission appointed to prepare the convention with the Boers. He then returned to England, and assisted the deputation which was sent home by the loyalists to represent their case to the Government with his pen and otherwise. He is now in South Africa again. It is not unnatural that he should desire to chronicle the events in which he has taken a part, and he is in many ways well qualified for the task. It is true that almost all he now tells has been already told by Mr. Thomas Fortescue Carter in his *A Narrative of the Boer War: its Causes and Results*. But possibly that work may be now out of print or difficult of access, and Mr. Nixon's volume is in better type, and in some respects more readable than Mr. Carter's. Mr. Nixon's title is somewhat of a snare to him, for his desire for completeness leads him to repeat at length the history of the annexation, to which he devotes one quarter of his work, and about which neither he nor anyone else can have anything new to tell.

Mr. Nixon very much agrees with Mr. Carter as to the causes of the war—the neglect of all the promises made to the Boers at the time of the annexation, the despotic

bearing of Sir Owen Lanyon, and chiefly the Midlothian speeches. Of the war itself—undertaken with levity, conducted with incapacity, and concluded with ignominy—Mr. Nixon's account does not come up to Mr. Carter's; but he is equally unsparing in exposing our blunders; indeed, he tells us that a friendly critic objects that he is unduly severe. We wish we could agree with that critic; but, with the exception of the defence of Standerton by Major Montague, of Potchefstroom by Col. Winslow, and of Leydenburg by Lieut. Long, there is no part of the war we can look back upon otherwise than with regret.

There are probably in our history few passages more degrading than the abandonment of the loyal whites and of the whole body of natives after the war. This painful subject is treated at length by the author, and is certainly the most valuable part of his book. He says:

"All over the country, with the exception of the few isolated Kaffirs who helped the Boers to invest Wakkerstroom, the natives were hostile to the Dutch. They begged to be allowed to help the English, and they were with difficulty restrained. Mr. Henrique Shepstone, the secretary for native affairs, told me at the beginning of the outbreak that there was not a single important chief who had not sent to him to offer assistance. 'If I were only to lift my little finger,' he said, 'the Boers could not hold the field for a couple of days. Almost every native would be in arms, and by sheer weight of numbers they would overpower the Boers.' In the west, Ikalefeug and Gapani, the two chiefs of the Bahumtse, collected ammunition. Montsime gathered together a force of three thousand men to go to the relief of Potchefstroom, but the Government would not permit him. Mankaroane sheltered the English refugees, and protected them from the Boers."

Everywhere the chiefs were loyal. They were said by Sir Morrison Barlow to be British to a man. Mapoch actually took the field, and was only stopped by a British official. And how was their fidelity repaid? Mr. Nixon does not go too far in writing that there is no part of recent English history so black as our desertion of the Transvaal natives. The Kaffirs are now abandoned to the vengeance of the Boers, and the provisions of the convention turn out to be mere subterfuges. Ikalefeug has lost his cattle; Mankaroane, the protector of English fugitives, and Montsime have lost most of their territory, and Mapoch has not only been deprived of lands and people, but is under sentence of death. When Sir Hercules Robinson announced to the natives that they were to be handed back to their former rulers, they refused to believe it. The loyal whites were simply ruined, and many so reduced that they could not find means to move their families out of the territory of the republic. Painful as these things are, it is wholesome to be reminded of them, and Mr. Nixon has done good service in bringing them back to our recollection.

WILLIAM WICKHAM.

*The Philosophy of the Unconscious.* By E. Von Hartmann. Translated by W. C. Coupland. (Trübner.)

I HAVE here no space to enter into the pessimism of Hartmann, but I think that his least interesting element, because it seems lacking



in the bitter intensity of personal conviction, which you feel throughout in Leopardi, Schopenhauer, or that most fascinating poet and essayist, James Thomson. And perhaps this rather ponderous and prosaic treatise of a learned *advocatus diaboli*, who by it proposes to break the bruised reed and quench the smoking flax, furnishes in itself the antidote as well as the bane. When we read the passages concerning the genesis of consciousness, and the ultimate suicide of the Unconscious, disgusted at the *fiasco* it has made, we are indeed tempted to quote Varro's "Nihil tam absurde dici potest quod non dicatur ab aliquo philosophorum."\*

Yet of the highest value are the teleological portions of the work—e.g., from the forty-third page onward of the first volume. The philosophical reasoning here is as sound as the inductive proof is convincing, to all but the most case-hardened materialist, that a wonderful adaptation of means to ends reigns throughout nature. That is traced in detail through the instinct of animals (which seems rightly defined, "purposive action without consciousness of the purpose") through reflex action, the uniform adaptation of structure and function to given results, and the repairing power (or *vis medicatrix*) in organisms. All this is not only cogent in argument, but interesting as a romance. The writer well shows the absurdity of contrasting physical causation with final causes, or design—as is done, e.g., by Herbert Spencer (though Von Hartmann does not mention him). The following sentence should be pondered by materialists:—"Darwinism denies adaptation in nature, not as fact, it is true, but as a principle, and thinks itself able to comprehend the fact as result of mindless causality, as if causality were anything more than a logical necessity discernible by us only as fact, not on the side of the internal principle, and as if the adaptation actually manifested as result at the end of a series of events must not have been from the very first the *prius* of these adjustments as plan or principle!" These words are golden; there is surely no answer to them. What answer is the alleged omnipresence of physical causation to us who believe in teleology? Since precisely what we believe is that physical causation is saturated with purpose—is itself idea or purpose passing into effect? And whether an already known structure is repeated, or whether a modification be made in it according to new demands of the environment (of which the writer gives many instances in the departments of instinct, *vis medicatrix*, and the evolution of species) the same holds good. Kant, Von Hartmann remarks, could not grant design in nature because he did not believe in the objective reality of time. That is true; but one may agree with Kant as to time, yet know that there is an Absolute Intuition, which necessarily presents itself to us as purpose, because we know according to the category of time. Thus, again, Von Hartmann "doubts not, through the ages," in human history, "one increasing purpose runs, and the thoughts of men are widened with

the process of the suns." Indeed, he praises in terms than which a theist could use no stronger the "omniscience and all-wisdom" of the—Unconscious! You would take him for an optimist till you learned what goal the Unconscious, or God, proposes to itself in the evolution of nature and man—which is the final annihilation of all consciousness! The creative will and the directing idea are at first mutually enfolded in the bliss of unconsciousness, till—one does not quite know why or how—they wake up into activity; but in the inorganic world without consciousness—though the writer seems to ascribe some consciousness even to atoms; but in the higher animals and man it becomes fully developed. Then grows manifest the fact that all consciousness involves pain. And so the intelligent creatures gradually lose their illusion that existence is a good—till they develop a determination to annihilate all conscious will, merging again in the "original bliss" of the Unconscious.

How this may be possible the reader must find out for himself, if he can, by studying the conclusion of this work, where the author disports himself among metaphysical abstractions abstract enough to frighten a Thomas Aquinas; and these he apparently takes for realities, for the very foundations of being, not for mere cobwebs of his own concrete speculative understanding. But how a highly-developed will can will to will no more for ever is a puzzle indeed! If it were annihilation by the growth of a sort of inanimate torpor, that would perhaps be a little more intelligible. And then how to prevent the Unconscious from committing the same errors all over again our philosopher does not clearly explain. At all events, did the thing look less like a huge joke in doubtful taste, we should regard it as almost an insult to assure struggling, hoping men that the long, solemn, sorrowful world-process is but the necessary step towards—universal annihilation! *Parturiunt montes*, indeed! All to end in such a dismal *impasse*, or bottomless abyss, so absolute and monstrous a *non sequitur*!

Three stages of illusion must mankind pass through, says Von Hartmann, before arriving at this ultimate disillusion, which is the end. First, the belief that happiness is attainable by the individual here; then that it is attainable in a life after death; lastly that the race will attain it, though not the individual. These three general fallacies he sets himself to disprove. I shall now speak of the second alleged "illusion." And this will lead us to consider the general question what conscious individuality is. Von Hartmann, while he maintains that will and idea (or the intellectual element) sleep together in the Unconscious, yet appears to make a quite unwarrantable divorce between them. Though he admits that the will can only will some given "content," or idea (i.e., must will in some intelligible way), he yet asserts that the idea is inactive, and the will unintelligent (p. 59, vol. ii., and p. 126-7, vol. iii.). The idea is the logical, but the will the non-logical, and it is the non-logical will that drags the idea into manifested existence, first into the material world, then into human consciousness. Therefore, though the ordered intelligible world-process is all-wise, the creation, the passage from potential being into the actual

sphere of cosmic evolution and experience, is evil, is absurd, the work of the irrational will. As with his master Schopenhauer, Will in man and Force in nature are one and the same power; but they prefer the common term *will* to the term *force*, because subjective *will*, or energy, is the sole type whence we derive the concept *force*. We may point out here how perverse it is to admit this, and yet to nullify such admission in the next breath by reducing the content of the term *will* to that of the inferior term *force*, which is certainly done when the conscious element is arbitrarily eliminated from the former. But Hartmann, indeed, says that we are not conscious of the will itself any more than of our own selves, but only of the idea of will and the idea of self (pp. 78, 79, vol. ii.). Nothing, as I believe, can be more untrue, though metaphysicians are fond of this paradox. But it is equivalent to saying that we can only know our knowledge. Knowledge has an object other than itself, though we may also reflect upon our own knowledge. Now, this object may be either external to the knower, or may be the knower, the subject knowing. We know both our active selves and some not-self, however that may be more precisely defined. If we know an idea of a thing, it is quite evident that we must also know the thing of which we have an idea. Granted that may be modified by our idiosyncrasy, this only proves that we know it imperfectly, not wholly, certainly does not prove that we do not know it at all. *Ex hypothesi*, we do; and as to will, that is only the conscious, intelligent, desiring activity of the Ego; while idea, intellect, or emotion, is but the character of such activity. So that the notion of blind irrational will dragging the idea into existence is utterly grotesque and untenable. The two elements are correlative, and always go together, though, of course, the "content" or character of volition may be either more emotional or more rational; and sensation may be involuntary, while it involves implicit volition, or attention.

It is really an impossible position, though the main position of our author, that the idea and will can be unconscious anywhere, either in the Absolute, or in Nature. It is, indeed, a contradiction in terms to speak of "unconscious intelligence," or "unconscious will." We have, of course, and can have, no experience of any such thing, and the words intelligence or will have positively no meaning whatsoever after they have been thus eviscerated of their connotation. How should there be a designed adaptation of means to ends that is not conscious—i.e., aware of what it is doing? How can a will (which is the strongest prevailing desire for what is not yet realised) be unaware of what is desired, and to be realised? The very significance of the terms by which we define the two concepts, *will* and *idea*, implies consciousness, or wakeful awareness. "Unconscious intelligent activity" is unintelligent intelligent activity. I grant Von Hartmann's distinction between consciousness and self-consciousness, but that is not to the point here. Also, I think that *discursive* consciousness does not cover the ground that needs to be covered. There is, there may and must be in greater fulness than we can fathom, *intuitive* consciousness. But intuition is quite as much conscious as discursive reasoning.

\* Dr. James Martineau says that he always finds it difficult in reading the later German thinkers to believe them in serious earnest with their systems. I confess I feel this a little sometimes in reading Herr Von Hartmann.

The portions of this book that prove an immense intelligent wisdom, active (therefore willing) in nature, are, as I have said, admirable, and no less striking is the chapter which reveals the same in the progress of human history, though this is largely anticipated by Herder, Hegel, and others. That so-called civilisation is really a gradual advance of human society from early barbarism, the author fully grants, and valuable is all what he says of the slow idealising of social and political relations. But all is tentative, so far as the individuals are concerned. They are evidently carrying out a vast purpose of which they are unconscious. Our heroes, as well as the dim common populations, have their own aims, and sometimes succeed partially in fulfilling them; but very often they are frustrated, and some other end is substituted for theirs. Always, however, an ampler and more far-reaching goal is attained through their instrumentality than they ever dreamed. There is, therefore, what Lessing recognised as an education of the human race; there is what Bunsen named "God in History." And this fact is analogous to the preservation accomplished for the individual and for the species by animal instincts, the animal being itself certainly unconscious of the purpose to be fulfilled, though prompted, doubtless, by some immediate desire in the steps which it successively takes. Think of the hive-labour of bees, the nest-building and migration of birds, the child at the breast! But can the superintending intelligence that directs all this, that harmonises all these complex and successively-introduced means to those remote ends, be unconscious? Must it not rather be supremely conscious? The unforeseen, but apt, pregnant, sublime, or beautiful inspirations of genius, the happy hypothesis of discovery, fresh suggestions of invention, practical judgment of women, can they be from the unconscious? Undoubtedly all our thoughts and intentions arise from a dark abyss, that is, *apparently*, and, relatively to our present momentary life, unconscious; but it is surely a mistake thus to hypostatise the mere appearance. If causality be valid at all, an alleged cause must be adequate to produce the observed effect. And, if so, consciousness can never spring from unconsciousness. For Von Hartmann does not even condescend to notice the fashionable Agnostic or Positive craze that there are no efficient causes, only uniform successions of phenomena. Phenomena, sensible appearances, are within us; but who doubts that they indicate also something without? that there is a you, as well as an I? that these sensible appearances have an efficient cause? that change involves a power to produce it? that quality involves substance, or a qualified? All these are necessities of thought, testified to by common speech and common experience; nor can you expel any of the elements thereof. If you get deeper, or take a wider view, of course these elements may change their aspect, but they will still be there, though they may be more harmonised in a perfect system of reason. Intuition itself cannot eliminate the categories, cannot even eliminate time, space, or the so-called secondary qualities that are *quantified in space*. Else would all reason and knowledge be futile, self-destructive, and self-contradictory. To make discursive individual consciousness

possible, there must be what Kant terms "unity of apperception"; even in the supreme and substantial Intuition there must be conscious unity through conscious difference and reconciliation of differences. No differences, and, therefore, no Kosmos, and no conscious individuals, could ever emerge from the mere abstract metaphysical *One*, which so many metaphysicians—Indian, Greek, German, Brahman, and Spinozist—propose to set up as God; while as for Hartmann's Unconscious with implicit differences, yet with no consciousness distinguishing (I do not say comparing, for that may imply the category of time) and integrating them into harmony, it is in itself perfectly inconceivable, besides being entirely inadequate to produce either the ordered Kosmos or conscious individuality; yet here they are; and Philosophy is exactly that which professes to account for them.

Most strange is the story given of the genesis of conscious human individuality (p. 78, vol. ii.). The Will drags the Idea into manifestation in Nature; then, when the idea has arrived at the human brain-stage, it confronts the will as something which is forced on it from without; and yet the will must have been dragging the idea along all the time! and the "stupefaction" of the will at this idea, which it has not willed (yet it has dragged the idea into matter!), is consciousness! How a really powerful thinker can thus pay himself with words is a puzzle indeed! Why did not the will get thus "stupefied" before? and how "stupefied," if unconscious? And why should this confrontation of mere blind abstractions result in "consciousness"? But, of course, these abstractions cannot exist at all out of the active mind of some concrete thinker! And, even supposing consciousness were thus accounted for (!), individuality, or the particular unity of apperception integrating thought-differences would not—memory, comparison, would not. Indeed, a very obvious objection to this notion is that the brain, as part of the external material world, however closely connected with us, is no possible object except in and to the thought of a conscious individual, or many. The meaning of the word "brain" is a given assemblage of sensations, and concepts of a certain kind, only to be conceived possible as integrated and differentiated in a comparing and remembering consciousness. But if so, it cannot be, as Hartmann supposes, the basis or occasion of human consciousness, seeing human consciousness, on the contrary, is the basis or occasion of it. Yet, truly enough, it (like the rest of material nature) thrusts itself on us as external, as not made up deliberately by us. Therefore, we must be content to accept this intuition as valid—only why should we thereupon invent the inconceivable, not merely barren, but obstructive hypothesis, of "dead matter," or blind "force"? What we have before us is simply sensations and ideas of a certain kind, intuited as not only subjective, but also as object outside us. Why not simply accept that deliverance? These, then, are just the sensations and ideas of *some other* individual, active, willing thinker, or many such, and we co-operate to form them in our own subjectivity. Of course, however, they may be modified by our idiosyncrasy, and not be outside us precisely as they are in us. A three-

dimensional percipient must have his perception modified in the mind of a two-dimensional percipient. At any rate, there is no known or comprehensible integrator and differentiator except *consciousness*; and unless a thing be distinguished as this or that, it is nothing at all. But we can also conceive of no consciousness that is not *individual*. I grant it need not be distinctly self-conscious. But it must be implicitly self-conscious. If I contemplate nature, or other persons, I regard them necessarily from the point of view of my idiosyncrasy; I mirror them in my own focus; and that is true, however objective, universal, and unselfregarding may be my consciousness, however intuitive. There is no such vague undifferentiated consciousness as the Brahmins and Spinoza imagine possible; that is only an abstraction of their minds; but the concrete universe of things, and persons could never emerge therefrom. All, indeed, is one—but one in many, many in one, *ἐν καὶ πᾶν*. The implicit, the potential, does not belong to God (or Absolute Being), as Schelling and Hartmann believe. For else the actual, the real would never be possible. Aristotle rightly asserts that there is no *Hylo*, no *unformed* in God. He is all Spirit, Form, no Matter.

Therefore, I cannot admit that individuals are mere passing phenomenal activities of the Absolute, only existing in time, not rooted and grounded in the Eternal Being. These momentary successive manifestations indeed disappear, to be self-fulfilled in a different and fuller one, but they all essentially remain, and the monads or individuals essentially are. While body, the self-manifestation of spirit, remains also; though that may assume many diverse forms according to the sphere of life entered upon by the spirit. "There is a psychical, and there is a spiritual" body; for, as Kant saw, there are as many different worlds of "matter" as there are subjective or spiritual conditions of the percipient.

What then is the "Unconscious" transcendent Absolute sphere? Doubtless it is a transcendent Consciousness, individual, and universal—an eternal Harmony of mutually-nourished individual consciousness, whence radiates the defective time-consciousness of each and all. For our future self belongs as much to us as our past and present; and therefore must in some sense already *be*. The ideal Ego eternally *is*, birth and death being only apparent phenomenal phases of this substantial Divine life; but without eternal difference, no consciousness, and no love. This, indeed, though explicitly denied, is implicitly admitted by Hartmann when he endorses Schelling's argument that, if you grant (as anyone with his eyes open must) a Fate or Providence in human affairs, you can only reconcile this with human initiative, or "free-will," by the assumption that my will in its essential being is identical with God's, though it may for a moment seem quite opposed to it. But then does it not follow that my will also is eternal, substantial, immortal, no mere phenomenon? or else where is the initiative you are bound to save for me?

Hartmann (p. 99, vol. iii.) says: "The inner cause of my activity is something non-individual, the only Unconscious, which answers just as well to Peter's idea of his ego, as to



Paul's idea of his ego." Now you may just as well deny causality altogether as postulate a cause glaringly irrelevant. A cause is that which inevitably produces a given effect—a rather than *b*. But here is a cause with no more tendency to produce *a* than *b*, indeed obviously impotent to produce either. This is to pay oneself with words.

I never could conceive why the very abstract metaphysicians like Spinoza assert that real permanent being knows nothing of memory or affection. "The trail of the" study, or aloofness from life, is over them all. For, if these are not in the Absolute, how come they in the Relative? Without memory (implicit, and therefore potentially explicit) not a moment's identity or experience is possible—therefore no being. And nothing should be accidental or unimportant to a philosopher. All is absolutely, logically, necessary; all (and especially affection) serves to mould the essential self, or spirit.

Now the teachings of biology are very instructive on the question of individuality; but still Hartmann should hardly have gone there first to learn about it, because, whatever may be the *subjectivity* of an animal or vegetable cell, or polyp, we are not in the secret of it. To us these are *objects*. But human individuality we know. Nor should anyone too naïvely suppose (with the physiological school) that the sum of the sensations of all the cells in our organism composes our consciousness, seeing there is no human sensation but involves the one differentiating and integrating human Ego behind it. The cell-consciousnesses doubtless modify ours, but cannot make up ours by mere addition. The Soul, as Leibnitz saw, is a Monad.

True, the spirit is composite, but it is also one, as nothing else can be; or rather, all other unity is a reflection from this. Hartmann imagines that the atom, which is a convenient hypothesis of ours, may be immortal, but not we who frame it! Yet biology, as I said, certainly suggests pregnant analogies. The polyp, *e.g.*, seems to be a colony of individuals, and yet one individual; so does the human organism. Thus may we not be, though individual, also members of a spirit hierarchy, that involves and nourishes our thought and emotion with its own? For certainly the Idea of the human organism determines the structure and function of the subordinate cells that constitute it. However, if you and I are immortal, says Hartmann, why not every other monad? At that consequence I am not frightened, though neither am I here concerned with it. But I think the main support of pessimism vanishes with the doctrine of the unreality and impermanence of the individual.

In spite of certain Germanisms of idiom, Mr. Coupland's translation is very readable indeed.

RODEN NOEL.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

*Poètes Modernes de l'Angleterre.* Par Gabriel Sarrazin. (Paris: Ollendorff.) Although instances are not so rare as many suppose of French *littérati* displaying a thorough knowledge of English literature, or even some particular branch of it, M. Sarrazin's work is both a surprise and a pleasure. It consists of a series of sketches, mainly critical, but inter-

spersed with slight biographical notes and some very carefully thought out translations of Landor, Shelley, Keats, Mrs. Browning, D. G. Rossetti and Swinburne. As M. Sarrazin points out, at the present moment exotic infiltrations inundate French literature; and this is especially true as regards importations of English authorcraft. There is just now a rage among our neighbours across the Channel for English books. This fact being recognised the necessity for these infiltrations being derived from the best sources is self-evident; for they will not only influence French opinion of English literature, but they must, necessarily, influence the future of French literature itself. As M. Sarrazin intimates, moreover, the literatures of the two countries are rapidly establishing more and more points of resemblance, and faithful translations and truly artistic criticism are daily rendering their aims similar without in any way destroying their individualities. French readers, in view of future probabilities, are, therefore, much indebted to M. Sarrazin for having selected the truest and best of England's modern poets to call their attention to, and Englishmen should not feel ungratefully disposed towards him for the impartiality and truth of his sketches. Of course, we are not bound to accept all his conclusions, however correct his premises may be, but it is not saying too much to aver that even Englishmen may gather some new and some true ideas from his work. The correctness with which the English in it is printed is refreshing after the numerous errata in our language usually found in foreign works relating to English subjects.

*Li Romans de Carité, et Misère du Renclus de Moiliens.* Edition critique par A. G. van Hamel, Professeur de Langue et de Littérature françaises à la Faculté de Lettres de Groningue. In 2 vols. (Paris: Vieweg.) M. van Hamel in his preface returns thanks to France for the kindness with which she not only admits strangers to her public teaching, but allows them to publish the results of their studies in the series assisted by her Education Department. These volumes are, in fact, numbers of the *Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes*, and very good examples they are of the effects of a kind of patronage of which (except in the Rolls series) we have hardly any experience in England. The poems of the *Renclus* (or Anchorite) of Moiliens can hardly be said to rank in interest with the most attractive works of French mediæval literature. As their titles sufficiently indicate to those who have some knowledge, they are as it were poetical homilies, combining theological instruction and moral reflection with a few touches of illustration of life and manners, a great deal of allegorising, and a little miscellaneous erudition. Their editor claims no extraordinary rank for them, and in this point, as well as in his fashion of referring to predecessors and students in the same line, he is very agreeably distinguished from not a few specialists. But the poems (the first of which appears for the first time in print, while the second has only appeared before in a *Programmabehandlung*) well deserved the honours of a critical edition. The book, independently of the literary value of its text, is a very admirable example of linguistic study. The poems had a great reputation not merely in what may be called their day (for the Anchorite appears to have been a younger contemporary of Becket, whose fate made a great impression on him), but for centuries afterwards. They are early examples of the passion for allegorical moralising which was soon literally to devour the literature of Europe. For their date (which can hardly be later than 1200) the stanza in which they are written—a twelve-lined octosyllabic with the rhymes *aabaabbbabba*—is remarkably ingenious, and

well kept up; while, linguistically speaking, they offer interesting specimens of the ugly, but important, Picard dialect. Nor is the matter unwelcome as helping to illustrate still further that mediæval thought of which many people still speak as glibly and as ignorantly as the contemporaries of Voltaire, even if their glibness and ignorance takes a rather different form. Of M. van Hamel's editing nothing but good need be said. He fulfils the strictest rules of modern scholarship in respect of text-criticism, philology, and so forth; while we are glad to see that (unlike many, and indeed most, editors of mediæval texts who accept these conditions) he does not disdain what may be called the literary requirements of explanatory criticism. There is evidently in him the stuff of a real scholar, and of a "professor of language and literature," who does not adopt the singular doctrine that no man can know the one without being *ipso facto* ignorant of the other.

*L'Art Poétique de Vauquelin de la Fresnaye.* Par Georges Pellissier. (Paris: Garnier.) M. Pellissier's edition of the *Art Poétique* of Vauquelin de La Fresnaye—the formal handbook of Pléiade poetry—needs little more than mention and recommendation. It has a long and excellent introduction, extending to more than a hundred pages, dealing with all the similar treatises before Vauquelin, and giving a useful comparison with Malherbe and Boileau. The notes are judicious; and there is a succinct, but sufficient glossary. The book is plainly got up; but the reader is far less occupied in deploring any lack of sumptuousness in its appearance than in wondering when it will be possible to find in England a publisher for a minor sixteenth or seventeenth century writer, properly edited, at the price of half-a-crown a volume.

*Grammaire Élémentaire de la Vieille Langue Française.* Par L. Clédât. (Paris: Garnier.) The work that has been done in regard to old French literature during the last three or four decades is very great, and very praiseworthy; but it must have happened to most of the few persons who, in England at least, have busied themselves with its results to be themselves at a loss, and to be still more at a loss when they are appealed to by others, for the ordinary tools of the study of language, that is to say, grammar and dictionary. M. Clédât's attempt to supply the first of these desiderata is, as a matter of course, not completely successful. It may even be doubted whether a strict elementary grammar of a literature extending over so long a time, and in such a constant state of flux and of local and personal variation, is possible. But it is a very meritorious book, and a valuable companion to the reading of the texts.

*Nouvelles Lettres d'Italie.* Par E. de Laveleye. (Paris: Baillière.) Although ostensibly consisting only of "quelques notes inscrites à la hâte dans mon carnet," this short volume contains the fruits of much acute observation and of the vigorous discussions in which the author delights. It would be difficult in a few lines even to allude to all the various questions of interest which the author raises, touches on, and dismisses in 170 pages. He admits that his mind is tinged with a certain, so to speak, sentimental pessimism. Protesting against the confusion of mind which identifies material with moral progress, he insists energetically that the former, as understood and carried out, is no unmixed blessing. The palaces of Venice, for instance, are blackened by the smoke from artificially protected industries, the revenues spent on which would be more legitimately devoted to the development of agriculture; while the soles caught in the Northern seas, and now unprocured on their proper coasts,

are, thanks to the St. Gothard tunnel, placed on your table at Milan, but with their flavour destroyed by the long journey! Economical questions, as might be expected, have a prominent place in these letters. The writer laments that Italy, with her financial difficulties and grievous agricultural distress, should neglect such questions in her desire to become a "great power." The most serious burden on the agricultural population is, he asserts, the crushing taxation; the widespread misery, of which he gives some startling instances, leading either to peaceful (but for the country disastrous) emigration or to threatening socialist movements, for the people no longer acquiesce in misery as being "Providential." Wages, too, are often very low, sometimes almost nominal, or doled out scantily in kind. In these cases, however, as the writer must be aware, the "unjust steward" plays a prominent part, and the peasant at all events does not starve. On the other hand, it should be added, that where a system of fair wages has been introduced by enlightened landlords, the peasants cease to pilfer and become honest. The writer observes with regret that everywhere on the Continent, from Belgium to Italy, proprietors are abandoning the country for the town; and he quotes some forcible words of Cavour's on the advantage to all classes of a resident gentry. He gives, however, some charming pictures of Italian country-house life, and is especially struck by the abundance of books throughout the house (and not merely in the library), "comme dans les châteaux Anglais . . . noble luxe qui explique l'influence qu'exerce encore l'aristocratie en Angleterre et en Italie"; and he describes the ladies of the house as abounding in practical and kindly help to their poorer neighbours in ways which most of us are apt to fancy exclusively English. There are some subtle notes on differences in national tastes, and how far such are dependent on differences of race or on political conditions. He discusses parliamentary institutions with Minghetti, coming to the conclusion that the democracy, when supreme, should confine itself to internal questions, not having the capacity of an aristocracy for conducting "la haute politique," especially as regards foreign affairs. And there is, besides, much brilliant chat on the many topics of interest—economical, social, literary, and artistic—which Italy presents in abundance to the cultivated observer.

*La Vie de Richard Cobden.* Par John Morley. Traduit par Sophie Raffalovich. (Paris: Guillaumin.) To us in England the interest of this book does not lie in the translation, however excellent, of what we prefer to read in the original, but in the Introduction which the translator has prefixed. Mr. Morley has lately been the subject of a good deal of discussion from the political point of view. It is therefore the more pleasant to read this estimate of his position as a man of letters, formed by one who combines the impartiality of a foreigner with the knowledge of a native. We believe that Mlle. Raffalovich is well known in France as a writer on political economy and a champion of free trade. This introduction shows that she also possesses a keen insight into the recent history of English thought, and a power of expressing herself with clearness and vigour that seems characteristic of her race. Her brother, as some readers of the ACADEMY may know, has enlisted himself in the company of English poets, with Rossetti as his model.

*Psychologie der Französischen Literatur.* Von E. Engel. (Wien und Teschen: Prochaska.) Herr Engel, who published not very long ago a short history of French literature possessing considerable merit, has followed it up with a volume on the same subject of a slightly different kind. It appears in the Salon-

Bibliothek of Herr Prochaska, a collection very neatly got-up and printed in types which bear to the ordinary German letter something of the relation of *caractères de civilité*. They are pretty to look at generally; but we regret to say that they are by no means less trying to the eyes, as far as reading is concerned, than the usual variety. Herr Engel's essays are written with *verve* and knowledge; but his critical and comparative estimates are, as in his former book, rather singular. Thus, when he is trying to show that nobody "loves" any French author except Molière (a theory which we are perhaps incapacitated from judging by the fact that we "love" at least a dozen others), he adds to Rabelais, Montaigne, Corneille, Racine, La Fontaine, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Musset, and Hugo, whom does the reader think? M. Alphonse Daudet! And this extraordinary want of perspective is paralleled by his devoting a whole essay to the merely ephemeral work of M. Zola, while Flaubert, whose very worst book contains all M. Zola *plus* genius, has a sentence. This kind of treatment may have actuality: it is not criticism.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

WE have authority to state that the late Gen. Gordon's Diaries are in the press, and will be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. The work will be edited, with introduction and notes, by Mr. Egmont Hake, Gen. Gordon's cousin, and author of *The Story of Chinese Gordon*, who has free access to family papers and memoranda.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER announce a volume by Mr. William Blades, containing an account of the little-known German morality play entitled "Depositio Cornuti Typographici," as performed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The work will contain a rhythmical translation of the German version of 1648, and a literal reprint of the original, written in Platt-Deutsch by Paul de Wise, and printed in 1621. It is stated that out of thirty-nine libraries on the Continent only seven have copies of any edition of the original work.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish shortly two new novels—*Stories Revived*, by Mr. Henry James; and *Zoroaster*, by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, suggesting in its title the book by which the author first became known.

THE Rev. George Edmundson has in preparation a volume entitled *Milton and Vondel*, a curiosity of literature, in which he endeavours to show that Milton was largely indebted in the composition of his "Paradise Lost" to various poems of his Dutch contemporary, Joost van den Vondel; and that "Samson Agonistes" also shows marks of having been suggested by a drama by Vondel on the same subject.

NEXT week Messrs. Blackwood & Sons will publish *The Tory Policy of the Marquis of Salisbury*, by Mr. Philip H. Bagenal.

THE growing importance of the history school at Oxford is shown by the foundation of historical societies at many of the colleges. The most recent of these is at Lincoln, which was opened with a paper by Mr. W. W. Fowler on "The Progress of Historical Study during the Past Century in Oxford." The same college has also formed an essay society, called by the name of the late Rector.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. are about to publish under the title *Knowledge and Reality*, a volume of logical studies by Mr. B. Bosanquet, dealing mainly with questions raised in Mr. F. H. Bradley's *Principles of Logic*.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will publish in a few days *Our Colonies and India: How we got*

them, and why we keep them, by Prof. Cyril Ransome.

MR. OSWALD CRAWFORD, author of *The World we Live In*, has in the press a new novel, entitled *A Woman's Reputation*, which will be shortly published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

A NARRATIVE of a walking tour in the Landes by Mr. Edward Barker, author of *Through Auvergne on Foot*, will be commenced in the June number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

MR. BERTRAM DOBELL, of 62 Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill, proposes to issue early in May a facsimile reprint of the original edition of Shelley's "Alastor," being the first volume of a series of reprints of the original editions of Shelley's writings. They will be reprinted in their original form, with all the peculiarities of their first appearance in print reproduced as exactly as possible. The book will be printed by Messrs. Whittingham, of the Chiswick Press, and will be bound in the old-fashioned boards, and issued with uncut edges. The issue will be restricted to 350 copies on ordinary paper, fifty copies on Whatman's hand-made paper, and four copies on vellum.

MR. DOBELL also intends to publish about September next a *Catalogue of a Collection of Books and Pamphlets printed for Private Circulation*. He states that his collection, to which he is constantly making additions, already amounts to upwards of five hundred volumes, more than half of which are not mentioned in Martin's well-known *Catalogue of Privately Printed Books*. Mr. Dobell's catalogue will thus be a useful supplement to Martin's, while to those who are unable to consult that scarce and expensive book it may possibly serve in some degree as a substitute.

THE eighth divisional volume of *The Encyclopædic Dictionary*, embracing Interlink to Melyris, will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. at the end of the present month.

THE well-known weekly religious newspaper, *The Rock*, has come into new hands. A new editor has been appointed, and the staff of contributors is also changed. We are informed that "an emphatic alteration" has been made in the style and tone of the paper. The first number of the new series appeared last week.

*The Scottish Church*, a new monthly sixpenny magazine, claiming especially to defend the Church of Scotland and its interests, will appear on May 25. It will aim to be a first-class literary as well as ecclesiastical organ. Among the contributors will be Principal Tulloch, Dr. John Cunningham, Prof. Milligan, A.K.H.B., R. Herbert Story, "Nether Lochaber," John Skelton ("Shirley"), Mrs. Oliphant, T. H. Stoddart, Eustace Balfour, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Thomas Bayne. Messrs. T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh, publishers to the Church of Scotland, will issue the magazine.

UNDER the title of *Historic and other Doubts; or, the Non-Existence of Napoleon Proved*, Mr. E. W. Allen has issued a translation of M. J. B. Pères' celebrated *jeu d'esprit*. This reprint is enriched by an introduction by Dr. Garnett, the assistant keeper of printed books in the British Museum.

MESSRS. CASSELL have published, under the title of "Readable Readers," a series of books for elementary schools, adapted to the latest requirements of the Education Department. We have received of this series the *First* and *Second Infant Readers*, and Reading Books for Standards I. and II. Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. also send us their *First*, *Second*, and *Third Infant Primers*. Both sets of books are framed with a view to the sound principle expressed in Messrs. Cassell's prospectus, "that children



must enjoy what they read, if the process of learning is to be pleasant and rapid." So far as regards the text and the style of printing, the two series deserve equally high praise, but we think the coloured pictures of Messrs. Marcus Ward's books will make them more attractive than their rivals to young children.

M. FALLIÈRES has just introduced a much needed improvement into the management of the Bibliothèque Nationale. The library is henceforward to be closed at six, instead of at four as hitherto, and books may be obtained until five instead of at four. Perhaps in time the Paris authorities may see their way to imitate the still more liberal regulations of the British Museum.

THE REV. H. R. HAWES has been invited by the President of the Cornell University at New York to preach two special sermons before the university in November.

MR. TODHUNTER's classical play, "Helena in Troas," which was to have been performed this spring, for the benefit of the British School of Archaeology at Athens, will not be produced until next season. Mr. B. Luard Selby is engaged upon the composition of the choral odes and other incidental music.

MESSRS. F. WARNE & Co. announce a new copyright volume by Mr. J. M. Cobban to be issued in their "London Library," the first volume of which (Miss Mathers's *Found Out*) is now in its seventieth thousand. The title will be *Tinted Vapours: a Nemesis*.

THE *Historia General de Vizcaya*, left in MS. by Iturriza in 1785, has just appeared in the series entitled "La Verdadera Ciencia Española," published at Barcelona. Iturriza belongs to the pre-scientific age of chroniclers, but in spite of his credulity, his work contains documents and materials which cannot be found elsewhere. The present issue is edited by P. F. Fita, S.J. We regret only that his valuable notes and corrections of the text are necessarily so few.

ON May 1 a committee meeting of the Pipe Roll Society was held at the Rolls House, Chancery Lane, Mr. W. C. Borlase, the President, in the chair. The main object of the meeting was the appointment of two auditors, and Messrs. Walter C. Metcalfe and J. H. Round were elected. Mr. W. J. Hardy was elected to serve on the committee in place of Mr. J. J. Bond, assistant keeper of the Public Records, deceased. The hon. treasurer submitted his accounts, which were passed; and it was found that, after the issue of the five volumes comprising the society's publications for the years 1883-4 and 1884-5, there would remain an available balance in hand of about £50. With respect to the "key" to the contractions in the Pipe Rolls, which will shortly be in the hands of the subscribers, the opinion was expressed that it would prove of very great value in elucidating the contents of these records.

WE quote from the *Oxford Magazine* the following report of the Public Orator's speech on presenting Herr Richter for the degree of Mus. Doc.:

"Ingenuarum artium cum fere nulla sit ad mores emolliendos efficacia quam divina illa Musica, haud iniuria Academia nostra singulari semper honore eos viros dignos esse censuit, qui in his studiis laudem fuerint consecuti. Iam vero alii vocis dulcedine, alii melopoeias ubertate insignes se fecerunt: Richterus noster (ita enim suffragia vestra praecipio) tanquam ex altissimo Heliconis recessu difficiles Musas deduxit, et deductas humano generi conciliavit. Utque praestantissimus imperator, bellicae artis peritus, copias suas fingendo, consociando, disponendo, victoriam parit, ita Richterus in certaminibus musicis tantam canentium conspirationem, tam perfectam tibicinum, citharodorum, tympanista-

rum conflavit concordiam, ut facile nosceres ad unius nutum ducis totam cohortem moveri. Quid multa? Praesento vobis egregium virum, Musis amicum omnibus, novae praesertim Melpomenes antistitem, novi Loxiae (Wagnerum dico) internum nobis atque interpretem praelarissimum. Itaque haud ab re erit, Academici, ut quondam Spartiatæ Lesbium civem ob artis musicae peritiam coronabant, ita vos quoque Terpandro Teutonico civitatem hodie impertiri."

THE sale of the first part of the library of the late Mr. Leonard Hartley, which is announced by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson to take place in the first two weeks in June, is an opportunity of extraordinary interest to collectors of topographical and antiquarian books. The catalogue of this first part of the sale is a handsomely printed volume of 500 octavo pages, and contains 2,475 entries, including the most scarce valuable works relating to the topography of every English county, and to that of the other divisions of the United Kingdom. The publications of the principal antiquarian societies and printing clubs will also be found in the library, together with a number of MS. volumes of genealogical collections made by the late Col. Chester.

#### ORIGINAL VERSE.

##### THE LINKS O' CARNOOSTIE.

THEY may brag o' St. Andrews, North Berwick, and a',

But gowfers, like fishers, whiles blether a wee;  
Laddie, gie me the driver and tee me a ba';

There's nocht like the links o' Carnoostie tae me.

She's awa wi' a click, what music can be  
Sae sweet as the click when ye hit the ba' clean?

What joy like the joy when ye see the ba' flee,  
Like a bird, o'er the burnie, and licht on the green?

Noo tee the ba', laddie, and I'll lay her deid,  
Mak her flee o'er the hoose and a bunker or twa;  
Awa flew the ba', and awa flew the heid  
O' the club. Quo' my neebour, "Nae gowfer sud blaw."

It's aye this or that,—took my ee aff the ba',  
A twinge o' rheumatics, a stomach agee,  
The caddie, the club, or the win' I misca',  
Or growl, "Wha can gowf wi' the sun in his ee?"

My neebour drove weel, and "Noo, Jamie,"  
quo' he,

"This hole should be mine." Quo' I, "Frien',  
dinna blaw;

It's a queer game the gowf." Wi' his cleek he  
let flee,

But he somehow or ither hit naething ava.

When ye play dinna press, or ye'll find it in vain;  
Ye'll heel, tap, or draw, or be a' in the air;

For, mind ye, the ba' has a mind o' her ain,  
And she'll no steer a fit if ye dinna play fair.

When wi' worry and work I am weary and wae,  
A roun' o' the links maks me cheery and bauld;

A roun' o' the links on a fine caller day  
Will mak ye feel youthfu', though seventy year auld.

I am fond o' the gowf, though I whiles miss the  
ba';

But whaur is the man that can aye mak her flee?  
If a man canna gowf he is nae man at a';

O, there's nocht like the links o' Carnoostie  
tae me.

G. R. M.

#### OBITUARY.

DR. SPENCER TIMOTHY HALL, well known in the northern counties as "The Sherwood Forester," died at Blackpool on April 26, at the age of seventy-two. He was born at Sutton-in-Ashfield, in Nottinghamshire, and began life as a printer. Some volumes of poems which he published attracted considerable attention, and he also became widely known as a lecturer on mesmerism at a time when that subject was exciting great interest. His name was brought

prominently into notice by the account which Harriet Martineau gave of his having cured her, by means of mesmerism, of an illness which had been supposed to be hopeless. After some years spent in journalism, principally at Sheffield, where he was closely associated with Ebenezer Elliott and James Montgomery, he adopted the calling of a homoeopathic medical practitioner, living for some time at Derby, and afterwards in various towns in the northern counties. A few years ago he contributed to the *Manchester Weekly Times* a series of papers consisting of recollections of eminent persons whom he had known, which were afterwards collected into a volume. The latter years of his life, owing to illness and unfortunate speculations, were spent in poverty, and a few months ago he received a grant of £100 from the Government. We regret to learn that his widow, who is in broken health and has three children dependent upon her, is totally unprovided for. An effort is being made to raise a fund for the benefit of the family. Subscriptions will be received by the editors of the *Blackpool Times* and the *Blackpool Gazette*.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

*Macmillan's Magazine* for May has an article by M. A. W., "French Views on English Writers," which is chiefly devoted to the criticisms of M. Scherer, who certainly is more English than any other Frenchman of the present day. The article is full of suggestion about the limits of a critic in dealing with any foreign literature. A paper by Mr. Roswell Fisher on "Canadian Loyalty" is a contribution to the controversy on the question of Imperial Federation. Prof. Ramsay, writing on "Scotch and English Educational Endowments," criticises with some severity the proposals of the Scotch Endowed School Commissioners, who seem to have aimed at satisfying local prejudices rather than following any principles of educational reform. Mr. H. Court-hope Bowen publishes a translation of one of the *Odi Barbare* of Giosué Carducci, "the Italian Heine," as he has been called with some justice. The translation of his metrical lyrics is no easy task, and it is small blame to Mr. Bowen that he has only partially succeeded.

THE *Expositor* for May contains, for the historical student, Prof. Stokes's capital summary of facts relative to the Fayûm manuscripts now at Vienna, showing the important results soon to be expected; for the theoretic theologian, Part ii. of the defence of Prof. Drummond's *Natural Law*, and Part iii. of Mr. Beet on the study of systematic theology; for the exegetical student, Dr. Maclaren on Col. i. 15-18, and Canon Evans on the transfiguration of the body, and we may add Dr. Dickson's sketch of Meyer. Dr. Marcus Dods surveys recent English works on the New Testament (with a high eulogy upon Mr. Edwards's commentary on 1 Corinthians), and "E." deprecates placing too much confidence in the alleged discovery of the Pithom of Ex. i. 11.

THE *Deutsche Rundschau* publishes an address by Herr Curtius in honour of the Emperor's birthday. The speaker took the curious subject of "Tithes," and traces the growth of the system in ancient Greece, contrasting the Greek ideas on the subject with those of the Israelites. Lady Blennerhassett writes an excellent article on "Projects of Reform in France in the Eighteenth Century." She surveys the efforts for social amendment made by eminent men—from Racine to Turgot—and shows that the voice of wisdom, though unheard, was never silent. Herr von Gizycki writes on "Darwinismus und Ethik," with a view to popularise the conclusions of modern writers on the ethical results of

evolution. He concludes that the principle of "natural selection" tends to heighten the moral consciousness. So far from favouring fatalistic optimism, it increases individual responsibility, for it shows that if nature selects the fittest, the fittest must be there to await selection. Evolution enhances the value of moral goodness, for it gives an assurance of its ultimate triumph.

The *Rivista Storica Italiana* has entered upon its second year, and has earned a well-founded success. Its latest number contains a valuable study by Sig. Giorda on "Girolamo Morone and Massimiliano Sforza." Of more general interest is the article by Sig. Malamani on "The Customs of Venice in the Eighteenth Century." The article is founded on a number of contemporary satirists, many of whom are now forgotten.

### SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- DELAUROUX, Eugène. L'Œuvre complet de, catalogue et reproduit par A. Robaut, commenté par E. Chesneau. Paris: Charavay. 75 fr.
- DURET, Th. Critique d'avant-garde. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
- FISCHER, G. A. Das Massal-Land (Ost-Aequatorial-Afrika). Hamburg: Friedriehsen. 6 M.
- GUILLEMAIN, P. Navigation intérieure: rivières et canaux. Paris: Baudry. 40 fr.
- LUPI, C. Nuovi studi sulle antiche Terme Pisane. Turin: Loescher. 6 fr.
- MARCO-MONNIER. Après le divorce. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
- MOLMENTI, P. G. Il Carpaccio e il Tiepolo. Studi d'arte veneziana. Milan: Hoepli. 4 L.
- MONSELET, C. Petites Mémoires littéraires. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
- PARIS, Gaston. La Poésie du Moyen Age: leçons et lectures. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
- PHILIPPE, J. Origine de l'imprimerie à Paris, d'après des documents inédits. Paris: Charavay. 10 fr.
- POSTION, J. C. Island. Das Land u. seine Bewohner. Wien: Brockhausen. 10 M.
- TONTINI, C. La Cultura letteraria e scientifica in Rimini dal sec. XIV. al primordi del XIX. Rimini: Danesi. 5 L.
- WECKELIN, J. B. Bibliothèque du conservatoire national de musique. Catalogue bibliographique. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 12 fr.

#### THEOLOGY.

- TESTAMENT, das neue, griechisch, m. kurzem Commentar nach W. M. L. de Wette. 2. Tl. Die Briefe u. die Apokalypse. Halle: Auten. 15 M.

#### HISTORY.

- BRANDENBURG-Preussen auf der Westküste v. Afrika 1681-1721. Verh. vom Grossen Generalstabe, Abth. I. Kriegsgeschichte. Berlin: Mittler. 2 M.
- BRENTARI, O. Storia di Bassano e del suo territorio. Bassano: Pozzato. 15 L.
- BULLARIUM ordinis FF. Minorum S. P. Francisci Capucinorum. Variis notis elucidatum a P. Damiani a Münster. Continuatio tom. 3. totius operis tom. 10. Innsbruck: Wagner. 40 M.
- DECRUE, F. Anne de Montmorency, Grand Maître et Comte de France, à la cour, aux armées et au conseil du roi François I<sup>er</sup>. Paris: Plon. 8 fr.
- FABRE D'ENVIER, J. Noms locaux tudesques. Paris: Thorin. 5 fr.
- GERDES, H. Geschichte der Königin Maria Stuart. 1. Tl. Bis zum Beginn ihrer Gefangenschaft in England. Gotha: Perthes. 9 M.
- GROUSSET, R. Catalogue des sarcophages chrétiens de Rome qui ne se trouvent point au musée du Vatican. Paris: Thorin. 3 fr. 50 c.
- JOUBERT, A. Un Mignon de la Cour de Henri III. Louis de Clermont, sieur de Bussy d'Amboise, gouverneur d'Anjou. Paris: Lechevalier. 6 fr.
- MILHAUD, M. Principes du droit international privé dans leur application aux privilèges et hypothèques. Paris: Pichon. 8 fr.
- MONTLUC, L. de. Correspondance de Juarez et de Montluc, accompagnée de nombreuses lettres de personnages politiques relatives à l'expédition du Mexique. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
- MONUMENTA epigraphica Cracoviensis medii aevi. Studio J. Lesskowski. Fasc. 1. Krakau: Friedlein. 6 M.
- PERRY, L. et G. MAUGRAS. La vie intime de Voltaire aux Délices et à Ferney, 1754-78. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
- VIECHI, L. Vincenzo Monti, le lettere e la politica in Italia dal 1750 al 1830. Rome: Forzani. 6 L. 50 c.

#### PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BASTIAN, A. Der Papua d. dunkeln Inselreichs im Lichte psychologischer Forschung. Berlin: Weidmann. 7 M.
- BÉNARD, Ch. La Philosophie ancienne: Histoire générale de ses systèmes. 1<sup>re</sup> Partie. Paris: Alcan. 9 fr.
- CELLERIER, G. Concours national de compensation de chronomètres pour les températures. Basel: Georg. 16 M.

- CORNIL, A. V., et V. BARES. Les Bactéries et leur rôle dans l'anatomie et l'histologie pathologiques des maladies infectieuses. Paris: Alcan. 25 fr.
- FOL, H. Les microbes. Basel: Georg. 4 M.
- HAUER, M. Das Eozoon Canadense. Eine microgeologische Studie. Leipzig: Wiegand. 35 M.
- JAHRES-BERICHT ü. die Leistungen der chemischen Technologie m. besond. Berücksichtg. der Gewerbestatistik f. das J. 1884. Begründet von R. v. Wagner, fortgesetzt v. F. Fischer. 30. Jahrg. Leipzig: Wiegand. 24 M.
- SCHINDLER, C. F. Ueb. den Begriff d. Guten u. Nützlichen bei Spinoza. Jena: Neuenhahn. 1 M.
- SILVESTRI, O. Sulla esplosione eccentrica dell' Etna avvenuta il 22 Marzo 1883, e sul contemporaneo Parossismo geodinamico-eruttivo. Turin: Loescher. 20 fr.

#### PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- ARISTOTELIS de arte poetica liber. Tertius curis recognovit et annotatione critica auxit J. Vahlen. Leipzig: Hirzel. 5 M.
- BOITZ, A. Die Kyklopen, e. histor. Volk. Sprachlich nachgelesen. Berlin: Gaertner. 1 M.
- BRUGMANN, K. Zum heutigen Stand der Sprachwissenschaft. Strassburg: Trübner. 2 M. 50 Pf.
- GRIMM, J. u. W. GRIMM. Deutsches Wörterbuch. 6. Bd. 14. Lfg. Mönchungs-Mündigkeit. Bearb. v. M. Heyne. Leipzig: Hirzel. 2 M.
- HERSEL, H. Qua in citandis scriptorum et poetarum locis auctor libelli nepl. usus sit ratione. Berlin: Calvary. 1 M. 80 Pf.
- MARINI, G. Iscrizioni antiche dolari, pubblicate dal Commend. G. B. De Rossi, con annotazioni del Dr. Enrico Dressel. Turin: Loescher. 30 L.
- PAKSCHER, A. Zur Kritik u. Geschichte d. französischen Rolandsliedes. Berlin: Weidmann. 3 M.
- SEBOK, O. Die Kalendertafel der Pontifexes. Berlin: Weidmann. 3 M.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### "ATTERBURY" IN THE "DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY."

Oxford: May 2, 1885.

Two or three sentences in this article might, I think, be altered with advantage in another edition. The biographer writes:

"The attempt of James II. to force his creed upon an unwilling university called forth many champions of the faith, and among others the able young tutor of Christ Church. One of the chiefs of the Romanising party at Oxford, Obadiah Walker, who had been thrust by the king into the mastership of University College, had written, under the pseudonym of Abraham Woodhead, an attack upon the Reformation."

Obadiah Walker was not "thrust into the mastership" by James II., but was elected by the fellows as early as June 22, 1676. Wood assures us that, if he had wished, he might have been elected on the previous vacancy in 1665. Abraham Woodhead was by no means a "pseudonym," but was Obadiah Walker's tutor, and a voluminous and able controversialist on the Roman Catholic side. There is a long life of him in the *Athenae Oxonienses*. He, and not Walker, was the author of the book in question, *Two Discourses: The First concerning the Spirit of Martin Luther, and the Original of the Reformation; the Second, concerning the Celibacy of the Clergy*, printed at OXFORD, An. 1687. The title-page bears the head of King Alfred, indicating that the book was printed in Obadiah Walker's lodgings in University College. I possess Dr. Bliss's copy of this tract, bound up with Atterbury's reply.

After mentioning the latter, the writer continues:

"Atterbury's next essay at controversy, though its contemporary reputation was much higher, was in reality very far from being so successful. It was a defence of the genuineness of the 'Epistles of Phalaris' against the great Dr. Bentley, and was nominally written by Atterbury's pupil, the Hon. Charles Boyle, but in reality by Atterbury himself. Though written earlier, it was not published until 1698."

The statement with regard to [Atterbury's] authorship is perhaps too absolute. Atterbury himself (quoted in Prof. Jebb's *Bentley*, p. 60) wrote to Boyle: "In writing more than half of the book, in reviewing a good part of the rest, in transcribing the whole and attending the press half a year of my life has passed away." But how was "Boyle on Bentley" "written

earlier" in any sense, except that in which every work is written earlier than its date of publication? Bentley's essay, to which this was an answer, first appeared at the end of the second edition of Wotton's *Reflections*, published in May 1697, and "Boyle on Bentley" in March 1698. Boyle's own words at the beginning of the Preface seem to show that there was no long interval between the completion of the work and its publication:

"Soon after Dr. Bentley's Dissertation came out, I was call'd away into Ireland, to attend the Parliament there. The Publick Business, and my own private affairs, detain'd me a great while in that Kingdom; else the World should have had a much Earlier account of Him, and his Performance. For tho' He took above two Years to make his Learned Reflections on *Phalaris*; yet Two Months would have been enough to have shown him, that he is but a weak Champion in a very frivolous Cause."

C. E. DOBLE.

#### A SLAVONIC PARALLEL TO "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Trinity College, Cambridge: May 3, 1885.

Readers of the ACADEMY who happen to be unacquainted with M. Léger's *Recueil de Contes populaires Slaves* (Paris, 1882) may be interested to read an abridgment of a Serbian story which presents a close parallel to the plot of "The Merchant of Venice." The original was published in the Croatian review *Kolo* (1847, No. vi., p. 11, *sqq.*), and does not appear to have been reprinted since. It forms the first of M. Léger's series of translations under the title of *A Drachm of Tongue*, and runs thus. A young man Omer wished to marry the fair Meira, but he had no money. So he went to a Jew called Isakar and borrowed of him thirty purses on condition that if at the end of seven years he could not repay the money the Jew should be free to cut out a drachm of his tongue before the cadi. He married, and at the end of seven years he had not a stiver, much less thirty purses, wherewith to pay the Jew. So he went before the cadi in very doleful dumps to have a drachm of his tongue cut out. But his clever wife knew all about it, though he had never told her a word of his trouble, and before the day of judgment came round she had gone to the cadi and made him such beautiful presents that he was ready to grant her whatever she asked. "Allow me," she said, "to sit in your place on the bench next Friday for an hour." "On my faith as a Turk," said the cadi, "if you like, you may sit there all day long." When Friday came, she dressed herself up in the cadi's robes and sat on the bench, and when Omer and the Jew appeared she smoked in dignified silence for a while, and then asked them their business. The Jew explained the terms of the bond, and Omer did not deny it. "Well," said the pretended cadi to the Jew, "cut away, but mind you don't cut more than a drachm. For, know that if you cut more or less than the bond allows, you will be condemned." So the Jew thought better of it, and said that he would rather let Omer keep his money and his tongue too. "Fetch the executioner," said the cadi. He came. "Now," said the cadi to the Jew, "cut the drachm of tongue or your head shall be cut off." The Jew went down on his knees and begged and prayed the cadi to let him off the bond, and to take thirty purses for himself. "Off with his head," said the cadi. But Omer interposed, and besought him to have mercy on the Jew. So the cadi spared the Jew's life, but took from him thirty purses. Omer and the Jew thanked the cadi for his judgment and left the court. Then Meira disrobed herself and hastened home, and got there before her husband. When he came in, he told her what had happened, and how God



and the cadi had saved him from the Jew. "Such a nice cadi he is!" said he. "Is he nicer than me?" said his wife, and she showed him the thirty purses. Omer wept for joy, and from that day he loved his wife three times as much as before, and always did what she told him. So he grew very rich. J. G. FRAZER.

#### THE SURNAME "POYNTZ."

Baptist College, Haverfordwest: May 4, 1885.

In reading in last week's *ACADEMY* the review of Sir John Maclean's account of the Poyntz family, I was interested in the statement that the common ancestor of the family was called Ponce or Pontius. There are several families in this county—Pembrokeshire—of the name of Poyntz, but in each case with which I am acquainted the name is pronounced Punch. It is but fair to state that I spell the former without being sure how the people themselves spell it. About ten miles from this town there is a village known as Puncheston. Assuming the identity of Poyntz and Punch it is not hard to explain the etymology of the name. In Welsh Puncheston is Casmal, a word which has no etymological connexion with the English name. T. WITTON DAVIES.

#### THE MERTON PROFESSORSHIP OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

London: May 2, 1885.

There is a good deal in Dr. Vigfusson's letter on this subject in the last number of the *ACADEMY* with which I thoroughly agree. The letters of Prof. Skeat and myself are no doubt somewhat utopian. If we are unreasonable in advocating the separation of literature from language, Dr. Vigfusson himself is still more so, for he advocates subdivision of the language itself. To show how complete the agreement between us is on this last point, I may be allowed to quote the following passage from my Presidential Address to the Philological Society for 1878 (*Transactions*, p. 418):

"It need hardly be said that no one man can command the whole field of English philology: it is so vast that division of labour is absolutely necessary. To include the subjects which are absolutely essential for English philology, we require at least four special branches:

"1. Old English [Anglo-Saxon], and comparative Teutonic philology (general Indo-Germanic philology).

"2. Middle and Modern English languages (modern dialects, practical phonetics).

"3. English literature (Middle-age literature generally, especially French).

"4. Old French, and comparative Romance philology.

"The subjects enclosed in parentheses are those which, although of subordinate importance, are specially connected with the principal ones.

"Each specialist must, of course, in addition to his knowledge of his own department, have a general knowledge of the results of other studies, when necessary. Thus, no one can study Middle English properly without a sound knowledge of Old English and Old French, although the Middle English specialist cannot be expected to familiarise himself with all the details of these languages, nor with the wider comparative investigations by which those details are tested. Nor can the Old English student dispense with the help afforded by Middle and even Modern English in many cases, while Old French, on the other hand, will be quite useless to him.

"The separation of literature from language is most important, as experience shows that these subjects cannot be united in one person without one or other of them being practically sacrificed to the other.

"These four divisions should be put on a footing of perfect equality: they all offer an inexhaustible field for work, and they are all equally indispensable for the complete study of English."

The general reason for separating language and literature is that their adequate treatment requires totally different intellects and sympathies. The special reason for separating English language from English literature is the physical impossibility of mastering and teaching both together in their present state. The scientific study of literature is quite as dry and even more laborious than that of language. The question: What shall I do with all these unbound German pamphlets? is as vital and exasperating to the literary as to the linguistic student. Shakspeare literature alone is enough to crush all but the most elastic natures. And now there is a Browning Society. I am glad that I am not a literature specialist.

To dispute whether of the two is the more important would be childish: the really essential point is to have a clear idea of their relation to one another. The main practical consideration is, that while it is possible to study a language exhaustively without making a special study of its literature, it is absolutely impossible to investigate literary problems without a minute knowledge of the language: the tower of literature can only be raised on the foundation of language. It is no answer to this to point to a popular history of English literature, every page of which betrays the writer's ignorance of the elements of the language. I may add that my own interest in the study of English and the Northern languages was at first mainly literary, mythological and antiquarian; but that sheer necessity has forced me to concentrate myself more and more on purely linguistic studies.

I quite agree that if we get a good man it is not worth quibbling over the title of the professorship. But what is a good man? It is a pity Dr. Vigfusson is not more explicit. The general opinion seems to be that we shall get a man who will add to the social attractions of Oxford, and pose as a kind of high priest of literary refinement and general culture, but will be otherwise sterile, neither adding to knowledge himself nor training others to do so. The daily papers are already lashing themselves into sarcastic fury at the rumoured audacity of certain specialists in offering themselves, in the teeth of the notorious fact that they read the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and take a morbid interest in Aryan roots.

Dr. Vigfusson has strangely misunderstood me when he represents me as saying that the English universities are sunk in sloth. Looking only at the great work done by the Clarendon Press in disseminating a knowledge of English through the whole country, and the efforts it is making on behalf of the new English dictionary, it would be quite impossible for me to make such a statement. What I said amounts simply to this—that by failing to establish efficient teaching in English, our universities have "allowed the Germans almost completely to annex the philology of English." This I hold to be a plain statement of undeniable facts. Not only language but literature has been annexed: the only reliable history of English literature is that of the Germanised Dutchman, Ten Brink. It will require the most strenuous efforts for Oxford to recover the proud position it held in English, as well as classical, philology, and literary criticism, at the beginning of last century. The decision whether this effort is to be made or not rests with the electors to this Merton professorship of English.

HENRY SWEET.

#### THE SQUIRE PAPERS.

London: May 4, 1885.

The prayer-book of Samuel Squire, now in my possession, not only contains the contemporary historical notes (as mentioned by my cousin, Mr. Neville Goodman), written on

the margin of the metrical psalms, but some similar entries of subsequent incidents and comments attesting its genuine character. There are also extracts from old books and papers, made by the late owner, which show that such papers were in existence before, if not up to, the year 1847.

One of these is from the Roman Catholic prayer-book of Marion Squire, with the date 1634. This was Samuel Squire's cousin Mary, brought by him from the nunnery at Loughborough to her mother's house at Thrapstone.

The psalms sung by the Puritan soldiers with such effect and vigour were those of Sternhold and Hopkins in the version of our prayer-books. Cromwell's "favorit" psalm, and that of King Charles (xxii.), is found with our old hundredth. The sixty-second psalm of the old version, sang at the siege of Lynn, begins:

"My soule to God shall give good heed, and him alone attend:

For why? my health and hope to speed, doth whole on him depend.

For he alone is my defence, my rocke, my health, and aid:

He is my stay that no pretence shall make me much dismayd.

O wicked folke, how long will ye use crafts? Sure ye must fall:

For as a rotten hedge ye be, and like a tottering wall."

We can imagine the force with which the last verse was given: "So they gave in." One line of the first verse in the copy carried by Samuel Squire ends with a misprint, not found in other copies now before me. One copy of the whole book of Psalms, bound up with a prayer-book of 1633, "with apt notes to sing them withal," is

"to be sung in all churches, of all the people together—and, moreover, in private houses for their godly solace and comfort, laying apart all ungodly songs and ballades which tend onely to the nourishing of vice, and corrupting of youth."

The effect of this injunction went further than was contemplated.

I may add that my prayer-book was not bound together, or completed in its present form before 1849, or even 1851. The date 1840 on the inside cover applies to the arms of the last owner as drawn by him after his marriage in that year. WILLIAM SQUIRE.

P.S.—Since the above was written, it has been pointed out to me that nearly all the extracts there referred to are in the writing of Carlyle's correspondent, though evidently copied from old writings in his possession at the time of entry. But January xxx. in the *Kalendar* is marked, and "Murder of the Poore King" is entered in the undoubted writing of Samuel Squire.

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, May 11, 8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Schopenhauer's 'The World as Will and Idea,' latter half of Book IV." by the Rev. E. P. Scrymgeour.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Manufacture of Toilet Soaps" by Dr. C. R. Alder Wright.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "East Africa between the Zambesi and Rovuma Rivers," by Mr. H. E. O'Neill.

TUESDAY, May 12, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Digestion and Nutrition," by Prof. Gamgee.

8 p.m. Anthropological: Exhibition of a Collection of Worked Jade from New Zealand, by the Earl of Northesk; "The Origin and Characteristics of the Maoris in the King Country, New Zealand," by Mr. J. H. Kerry-Nicholls.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Signalling of the London and North-Western Railway," by Mr. A. M. Thompson.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "British North Borneo," by Sir Walter H. Medhurst.

WEDNESDAY, May 13, 8 p.m. Microscopical: "Structure and Formation of Coal," by Mr. E. Wethered; "Use of the Avicularian Appendage in the Classification of the Bryozoa," by Mr. A. W. Waters.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "A Marine Laboratory as a Means of Improving Sea Fisheries," by Prof. E. Ray Lankester.

8 p.m. Geological: "The Ostracoda of the Purbeck Formation, with Notes on the Wealden Species," by Prof. T. Rupert Jones; "Evidence of the Action of Land Ice at Great Crosby, Lancashire," by Mr. T. Mellard Reade; "The North Wales and Shrewsbury Coal-fields," by Mr. D. C. Davies.

THURSDAY, May 14, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Natural Forces and Energies," by Prof. Tyndall.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "An Application of Determinants to the Solution of Certain Types of Simultaneous Equations," by the Rev. T. C. Simmons.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Utilisation of a Natural Chalybeate Water for the Purification of Sewage," by Dr. J. C. Thresh.

8 p.m. Athenaeum Society: "Health in the Dwelling," by Mr. A. Whitcombe; "The Methods of Psychological Research," by the Rev. E. Wells; "Paradise Lost and Epic Poetry," by Miss M. A. M. Clark.

FRIDAY, May 15, 8 p.m. Philological: President's Annual Address, "English Etymologies," by the Rev. Prof. Skeat.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Golden Road to South-Western China," by Prof. R. K. Douglas.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Cholera," by Prof. Burdon Sanderson.

SATURDAY, May 16, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Organic Septics and Antiseptics," by Prof. Odling.

## SCIENCE.

*A Flora of the English Lake District.* By J. G. Baker. (Bell.)

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the first cuckoo and the first swallow, earlier than the advertisements of tourist guides, Mr. Baker's *Flora* comes to remind us that summer is on us once more, and that now is the time for cultivating one of the most innocent and most engaging of scientific amusements. *Nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbor.* Now, if ever, we must see about filling up the gaps in our herbarium; now, if ever, we may do a little work by tracing and recording for others the range of species.

This last is what Mr. Baker has done. He will not, he modestly says, put forward his work as a completed *Flora* of the Lake District: it is only "a collection of notes"; but it is a collection which may be used with confidence in home study, and carried about among the hills with great advantage by the field-botanist. The care with which Mr. Baker has co-ordinated a mass of mixed material in his account of the zones of temperature and altitude, the situations, and the types of distribution, of the native flowers of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, is only what was expected from the part-author of the *New Flora of Northumberland and Durham*; and the possible value of such accounts will be best appreciated by those who have seen (for instance in Mr. Wallace's *Island Life*) what great and far-reaching conclusions may be suggested or supported by minute observations on the distribution of plants or animals.

As to field-work, Mr. Baker's notes are not unduly full; they will not diffuse finger-blight or lead to extirpation; but there is quite enough information in them for industrious searchers. It is much to be wished that the number of field-botanists might increase. Not only is this desirable in the interests of the science itself; for the many recent finds of species new to Britain published in the *Journal of Botany* show that there is yet work for the discoverer; but it is also to be wished for the sake of human happiness. The more pleasures we can get into existence the better; and here is a pleasure cheap, inoffensive (as not destroying animal life), and capable of being taken up at any age. A holiday requires a change of

occupation, and the pursuit of botany doubles at once the sum of enjoyment to be extracted from a visit to any new region. Like other branches of natural history, it furnishes a motive for taking air and exercise, even in one's home neighbourhood (no small advantage this, in or beyond middle-age), and finds healthy amusement for the mind during walks. The geologist, the ornithologist, the local antiquarian, all know the value of their studies to them individually. The wisest man is he who takes an interest in all their subjects; but botany, while it does not exclude any of the others, is perhaps the freshest, the most popular (though that is not saying much), and the most enduring. But enough of the happiness of the botanist; now, as Wordsworth says, "the harmless man departs."

The English lake-district is one so favourable to the study that it is strange no complete *Flora* of it should have hitherto appeared. The very *accidenté* character of the ground enables it to bear the characteristic products of many situations. Mr. Baker reckons fifty ferns and nearly 850 flowering plants thoroughly wild there, and thinks that recent introductions would make nearly a hundred more. This is no bad show out of a total of 1600-1700 British species; but some of the absences are very hard to account for. Why, for instance, should *Tofieldia* be abundant in Teesdale, unknown about the lakes? It is well to note the recent introductions, and even the casuals, because the visitor of to-day may be the colonist or even the conqueror of to-morrow. It is not to be thought that our *Flora* is closed yet. Still, the common Rhubarb is hardly likely to establish itself, although we have seen a really flourishing little bed of it in a secluded spot on the shingly beach of Windermere. The yellow *Corchorus*, which will have a better chance, has escaped a good deal about Hawkshead. We are glad, too, that Mr. Baker has recorded the misnomers for a warning to beginners, and to save the trouble of useless search. The rash man who claimed to have found *Diotis maritima* at Grange-over-Sands might have caused endless trouble if Mr. Baker had not pointed out that the plant in question was but *Filago Germanica*. It is possible to find *Filago Germanica* without travelling to Grange-over-Sands.

Though it is not in our power to add to Mr. Baker's list more than one new species (*Sedum dasyphyllum*, on stone walls by the roadside, west of Ambleside), yet notes of a few additional stations for old species may be useful. *Alchemilla alpina* we have found, sparingly, on Wansfell and at Sty Head Tarn. *Mimulus luteus* had escaped down the hillside from the garden of the Kirkstone Pass Inn in 1879; but the tourists, whose coach leaves them to walk up that last steep ascent, have doubtless carried it all away. *Impatiens noli-me-tangere* is abundant in ravines on the west side of Wansfell. There is a large patch of Elecampane by the road above Ambleside toward the Kirkstone Pass, as wild perhaps as it generally is. *Meconopsis Cambria*, apparently native, on the sides of Troutbeck Valley. A single plant of *Arabis petraea* on a stonewall by the road near Low Wood (1879). There were several plants of *Linum usitatissimum* scattered about Ambleside in

1879, and *Lactuca scariola* with it between Ambleside and Hawkshead; *Lysimachia nummularia* by the same roadside; *L. vulgaris*, Blelham Tarn; *Drosera longifolia*, west shore of Wastwater; *Utricularia minor*, a draining-trench on Loughrigg; *Apargia taraxaci* on High Street; *Scirpus multicaulis* and *Rhynchospora alba* on Loughrigg; *Mentha piperita*, *Trollius Europaeus*, *Sinapis alba*, above Ambleside. Lastly, we have seen what appeared to us to be *Ranunculus reptans* in the main stream of Great Langdale.

FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

A MIDDLEHILL MS. OF CICERO.

Rugby: April 21, 1885.

In the third volume of Orelli and Baiter's Cicero (1845), among the MSS., of the Epistolae which *ulteriore examine digni videntur*, (p. vii.), is mentioned one at Middlehill. Being at Cheltenham, where the Middlehill library now is at Thirlestane House in the possession of the Rev. J. E. A. Fenwick, I asked to see this MS. I found that it had long been missing, even in the lifetime of Sir Thomas Phillipps. It is worth while perhaps to record this, in case it may save others from a like search. Mr. Fenwick most kindly shewed me three or four other MSS. of the Epistolae. They all contained the "Ad Familiares," none those "Ad Atticum." I saw nothing to lead me to doubt that these, like other such MSS., are derived from the Medicean.

But another Cicero MS., which Mr. Fenwick kindly allowed me to examine, seems to me of importance for part of its contents. I wish, therefore, to make known its existence with some few facts which I was able to gather from a short examination, that more qualified scholars may judge whether my belief is mistaken. I cannot discover that it has ever been collated.

This MS. (vellum, numbered 1794) is ascribed by the catalogue to the 12th century. Of the correctness of this date I, almost totally inexperienced, I regret to say, in reading MSS., am of course no judge. I was told it had belonged to the Meermann library. Its earlier part contains the first four Philippics.

Halm, in his critical edition of 1856, with which I made my comparison, gives, for the Philippics, collations of the Vatican, of four later MSS. (eleventh to thirteenth century) which he classes together as *eiusdem familiae*, and here and there of a typical inferior MS. Mr. Fenwick's MS., to judge from a comparison of parts of the second Philippic, undoubtedly belongs to this "second family." Like Halm's four it contains a large lacuna of twenty-five lines in Phil. 2, § 93-96 (*Sunt ea defendimus*), and a small one in § 9 (*solum humanitatis*). It also agrees with them in many other readings, which this would not be the place to quote, both as against the Vatican, and, if I can judge from Valpy's Delphin, against the mass of inferior MSS.

I will, however, quote its readings in four passages of more or less textual importance, which I think will show that it has considerable independent value.

In § 4 it has *nec solvendo eras*, the true reading, shared by none of Halm's MSS. except the Vatican. The inferior MSS. also seem all to have some corruption here.

In § 11 *ad fin.*, where Halm's second family and Halm (1856) read *domi*, and Vat. *domus*, our MS. has *domui*, a reading for which Halm only quotes Klotz, but which Valpy's Delphin quotes from *vet. cod. Graevii*. Whether right or wrong in itself, *domui* looks like the reading of the common archetype. (That all



MSS. of the Philippics come from one source can, I think, be seen clearly from an examination, e.g., of the readings of Phil. 2, § 93). Halm, in his German edition of 1881, reads *domus* with Vat.

In the well-known passage of § 106, where the reading of inferior MSS. is *Incredibile dictu, sed tum nimis inter omnes constabat*, or some similar attempt to mend a corrupt text, the Vatican (for *dictu—nimis*) having *dictum sed cum vinus*, the best of Halm's second family (t) *dictu et sermulinus*, the others *dictu et simul*, our MS. has, if I read aright, *dictum et simul unum cinus*. Madvig's brilliant emendation, followed by Halm (1881), *Incredibile dictu est; sed sum vicinus*; must be right or nearly right. Our MS., like Vat. and t, has a reading meaningless in itself, but containing in its *cinus*, like the same letters in t and *vinus* in Vat., a remnant of Madvig's true *vicinus*. Is its *unum* a mistaken expansion of i?

In § 8 there is a sentence running thus in Halm, *Quid habes quod mihi opponas, homo disert, ut Tironi et Mustelae iam esse videris?* The last clause rests on Halm's conjecture. Vat. reads, *mus et lactam esse videris*. The vulgate text is *ut Mustelae Tamisio et Tironi Numisio videris*, MSS. differing little except in *Tamisio*, where they differ widely, Halm's second family reading *Tamen scio, tantum scius, tantum scius*, other MSS., *tamen scio, tantum scio*. Our MS. has *ut mustele tam inscio et tyroni numisio videris*. Here, I venture to think, it alone has preserved the true text; *ut Mustelae tam inscio et Tironi Numisio videris* makes admirable sense, sense almost too good to be due to mediaeval conjecture. Cicero, punning on the name of Antony's boon companion Tiro, says that "Mustela the ignoramus and Numisius the beginner" are the critics who think Antony an orator. Elsewhere he calls the man Tiro alone; here, to make *Tiro* capable of being taken in either sense, he adds *Numisio*, rather suggesting that *tironi* is not a proper name by bringing it near to *tam inscio*, and putting the *cognomen* before the *nomen*. *Tamisio, tamen scio*, &c., are easy corruptions of *tam Tescio* (as it is, in fact, written in our MS). The reading of Vat., for which Halm's text by no means obviously accounts, is, I suppose, due to the homoeoteleuton (*Tescio, Numisio*) and consequent confusion; at any rate, it is wildly corrupt, and does not account for the vulgate.

At the risk of tediousness, I hope I have shown that Mr. Fenwick's MS. is a valuable one. It seems to me the best representative of Halm's second family for these four Philippics, or at least, not inferior to any, except perhaps t; that is to say, it is the third, if not the second, best MS. in existence.

This part of the MS. contains from thirty-eight to thirty-five lines on a page, in one column only. There are a certain number of abbreviations, not always used consistently, but to practised eyes I should say the MS. would be easy reading. Its spelling seems good. I noticed *obicere, omnis* (acc. pl.) and *di* (altered in a paler ink to *diu*); on the other hand it has *e* consistently, I think, for *ae*, *nihil* for *nihil* and *audator*, if I read aright, for *audacior*. I ought to add that to my inexperience n and u were indistinguishable. At the close of the fourth Philippic, there were, originally, two pages and a half left blank. About half this space is filled by some verses in a smaller hand in two columns, headed *Versus Rinalloni* or *Rivalloni archid. Nannetensis*, beginning *Vicit Adam veterem gula*, and ending *Festa resurgentis celebramus ad eius honorem*.

The later part of the codex was, I should say, originally a distinct MS. It is written in a rather larger and more regular hand, thirty-seven lines to a page. It contains the "De Legibus," ending at the usual place, followed by the "De Divinatione," ending at the bottom of a

page with the words *vim tantam ut* (ii. 135), having thus obviously lost a few pages. I just looked at the beginning of the second book of the "De Legibus." It seemed to have very similar corruptions to those of the MSS. quoted by Halm and Feldhügel. There are rubricated headings—T. for M. Cicero and P. for Atticus. The only reading that at all struck me was in § 5. *Quid? duasne habetis patrias?* But my examination of this part of the MS. was too cursory and my knowledge of the text too slight for me to be able to judge at all whether this portion is of value. G. NUTT.

#### STOKES AND WINDISCH'S "IRISH TEXTS."

Oxford: May 2, 1885.

I am sorry that I cannot let Mr. Stokes's letter in the ACADEMY for the 11th ult. pass unchallenged. He begins by calling my remark on the 18th gloss a "groundless attack." It was *apropos* of a word *meit* over the t of which stands, according to Windisch, an "Abkürzungszeichen, das hier keinen Sinn haben kann." It is represented in the printed book as resembling the mark for a Greek perispomenon. These were my data, and I expressed my objection to this way of getting rid of the difficulty. Now, Mr. Stokes comes forward with quite a different account of the "Abkürzungszeichen." According to him it is not of the form which Windisch leads his readers to imagine, but it resembles a kind of inverted c, and in the next place it seems to Mr. Stokes not to be an "Abkürzungszeichen" at all; but "rather one of those marks used in Celtic MSS. to connect a gloss with the word explained thereby," so that, contrary to Windisch's idea, it would after all seem that the mark has a meaning. Whether Windisch accepts this view now or not is a matter for him and Mr. Stokes to settle. What he printed was radically different, and I maintain that my objection based on it was not "groundless."

The next paragraph begins thus: "Because the German printer has accidentally omitted, in gl. 28, to italicise the Irish word *is* (est), it is too bad (to use Prof. Rhys's own words) to assert that Windisch has 'treated the Irish verb to be as the Latin pronoun *is*.'" This, I must admit, made me very uncomfortable, as I thought I must have blindly overlooked a correction at the end of the book; but now that I have the book before me I fail to find any allusion to it in the Corrigenda. The charge against me, then, should be that I was too stupid to recognise a misprint. That is, however, by no means the form Mr. Stokes has chosen to give it. He prefers leading the readers of the ACADEMY to suppose that I had found out the alleged misprint, and that I, nevertheless, chose to ascribe the error to the author instead of the printer. I am at a loss to know what I have done to deserve this implied charge of dishonesty. Then he introduces the name of Zimmer, but for what reason I fail to see. What I have written is my own, and I have no wish to take sides as between Windisch and Zimmer: I am glad to learn from both of them. I have, however, not yet done with the "misprint" theory; for on looking carefully through the passages in point, I find that it is inadmissible, or at any rate inadequate, as it does not cover the whole of the error I pointed out: this was, that Windisch had broken up one gloss into two, the second of which he has printed—"is periculosius quam felicius." According to Mr. Stokes, Windisch was aware that *is* was the Irish word of that form, and not the Latin one, the printer having prevented him from putting that fact on record by using the italics he employed in the other glosses. But how was it that Windisch did not treat this Irish word like the rest by translating

it? He has not done so, nor given any hint that he perceived that the two parts of the gloss formed one sentence. I maintain, therefore, that my criticism was justified. Mr. Stokes agrees with Windisch in regarding *inrembic* as meaning *paulo ante* and not *paulo*; but I am sorry that I see no sufficient reason for regarding it as standing for *in-rembiucc*, and not for what it is in the MS.

I am not in the least surprised that Mr. Stokes demurs to my suggestions with regard to *is* (*quam*) and S. Patrick's name *Cothraige*; but when he proceeds to show that Latin *i*-stems when borrowed become *i*-stems or *o*-stems in Irish, he does not treat my opinion, such as it is, quite fairly; for I have supposed the small group of words with *c* for *p* to have been borrowed from Latin through Welsh. So, according to my hypothesis, such a word as Irish *caille*, which Mr. Stokes himself derives from the Latin *pallium*, is of much more importance in this case than any number of words like *Azail* from *Aucilius*, &c. But for some reason or other he makes no allusion to *caille*, which retains its Latin declension. Mr. Stokes finishes the paragraph on S. Patrick with an etymology of his own, which I can no more accept than he can mine.

The phraseology of the Stone Age ought, as I understand Mr. Stokes, to have ceased to exist by the ninth century among the Celts, unless the Stone Age coincided with some stage in their separate existence; but I am not quite sure of that. Probably the Basques have not recently emerged from the Stone Age, but they are said still to call some of their cutting instruments by names derived from words for stone or rock.

Not to tire the readers of the ACADEMY too much, I may say that Mr. Stokes disposes finally of my remarks on the Irish texts by contrasting them with those of Prof. Thurneysen, who has pointed out "real defects in Windisch's work." Each according to his lights: I only pointed out what seemed to me, and still seem, to be defects. J. RHYS.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. A. MELVILLE BELL, the well-known inventor of a physiological or universal alphabet, has just delivered, on the invitation of the curators of the Taylorian Institution, a course of four public lectures at Oxford on his phonetic system of "visible speech." Mr. Bell explained that, owing to his long absence from England since 1870, his *Visible Speech*; or, Science of Universal Alphabets, which had first appeared so long ago as in 1867 (London: Trübner) has not in this country met with such a wide recognition as it did in America. Prof. Max Müller, who expressed the thanks of the university to the lecturer at the end of his course, pointed out how Mr. Melville Bell had found a worthy son in Mr. Graham Bell, the famous inventor of the Telephone, and dwelt upon the noteworthy fact that without the father's theoretical invention the son would probably never have gained his great practical result.

THE May number of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* contains the address delivered by Prof. Flower on retiring from the presidential chair last February. It gives an excellent sketch of the classification of the various forms of the human species. The institute has also just published a valuable monograph on the Andaman Islanders, by Mr. E. H. Man, consisting of several papers reprinted, with additions, from the quarterly *Journal*. We understand that Mr. Man is about to return to this country.

MR. STANFORD has published a large scale map of Central Asia, of which the chief feature is that it is carried as far north as the latitude of Orenburg, while on the south it omits both

Quetta and Kandahar. The spelling of "Kafiristan" and "Jigdilik" is very loose. For practical purposes we prefer the shilling map issued by the same firm, which includes the coast of the Arabian Sea, and marks the disputed boundary with as much clearness as is possible on a small scale. The significant break in railway communication at Sakhar, on the Indus, is well indicated.

FROM Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston we have received a "bird's eye map" of Afghanistan and the surrounding countries, which seems to be accurately sketched, and at least possesses the great merit of not burdening the eye with unnecessary names. Only one rule of interpretation is required: wherever there are neither mountains nor hills, there you must imagine desert.

### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE May number of the *Dublin University Review* (Dublin: McGee) contains a notice of the late H. A. J. Munro by Prof. A. Palmer, giving a careful estimate of his work and also a few personal details.

THE Council of University College, London, have appointed M. Henri Lallemand to the Professorship of French in succession to the late Prof. Cassal.

IN the new number of Bezzenberger's *Beiträge* the editor continues his studies of the Lithuanian dialects. De Harlez maintains against Roth that the *hamistakān* of the Parsees, i.e., the future state of those whose faults and merits are equal\*—has its root in the Avesta. Bartholomae continues his contributions to Old-Iranian grammar. Fick has some valuable notes on Greek phonetics, e.g., in *inlaut j* (*y*) originally existed when the accent precedes, e.g., *πορεύοντο* = Sanskrit *patáyanta*; but *i* (not *j*) appears where the accent originally followed: thus *κναιεν*, originally accented *κναιεν*. So also *μαίνεσθαι*, *χαίρειν*, and the Cyprian *αἰλός* from *μαίνεσθαι*, *χαίρειν*, *αἰλός* = Latin *alius*. So *F* originally existed where the accent precedes, but *v* where it follows. Thus *κλέφος* = Sanskrit *grāvas*: *πέφω* but *βυήνας*.

### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, April 29.)

DR. EVANS, President, in the Chair.—The Director read a paper written by Sir J. S. Lumley on recent excavations at Civita La Vigna, the ancient Lanuvium, of the masonry on the plateau, which is probably the site of the temple of Juno Sospita. Some resemble that of the so-called wall of Romulus on the Palatine, and other portions are similar to the wall of Servius Tullius. The most important remains found are fragments of four horses, which were probably attached to a quadriga, and a head of Juno, evidently Greek.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, May 1.)

MR. H. SWEET, V.-P., in the Chair.—Mr. Alex. J. Ellis, V.-P., read a report on his dialectal work from November 19, 1883, to August 28, 1884, since which time it had been interrupted till the end of last April, but was now resumed. This work consisted principally in necessary preliminary matters; lists of documents and informants; a comparative word list; a sketch classification into sixty-six districts, with the rough distinctive character of each; the determination of ten lines right across the country, limiting certain peculiarities; and fifty-eight regions, having each some definite distinctive usage. The lines and regions were detailed. The great abundance of materials would oblige Mr.

\* The ancient Irish thought that, in such cases, the pain ebbed and flowed in alternate hours, but that on Doomsday the merits would cancel the faults, and the happy souls would then be borne to the harbour of life. (See the "Vision of Adamnán," *Lebor na huidre*, p. 30a.)

Ellis to draw up the work at first without regard to practicable limits, and then abridge it. In a year's time he hoped to be able to give a more precise conception of the nature and extent of his work. During the time of Mr. Ellis's compulsory abstention from dialectal work Mr. T. Hallam had, by journeys and observations, obtained a large amount of new information respecting the Eastern Counties and the borders of Southern and Midland English, which would be incorporated in Mr. Ellis's materials.—Mr. J. Lecky read a paper on "Modern Irish-English Pronunciation."

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY.—(Tuesday, May 5, 1885.)

DR. SAMUEL BIRCH, President, in the Chair.—A Paper by M. E. Revillout, entitled, "Notes on some Demotic Documents in the British Museum," was read by the Secretary. The paper gave a summary of the demotic ostraka recently acquired by the British Museum. He stated that the ostraka under notice, like the Greek ones published by the president in the *Proceedings*, include a great number of receipts for taxes, some being of the Roman period. As already pointed out elsewhere by M. Revillout, one of the Demotic ostraka preserved in the Louvre is composed in exactly the same formula as those written in Greek during the second year of the reign of Caligula and the thirteenth year of Nero, published by Dr. Birch. Other analogous examples are among those in the British Museum. The most interesting of the ostraka under notice M. Revillout stated were those of the Ptolemaic period, and he called attention to two among a great number of bilingual texts which were of much importance. One of them decides a great question about money, confirming a theory advanced some years ago in letters addressed by the author to M. Lenormant, an explanation of which was given. Another example is a receipt, payable in corn, of a kind up to the present time only known from the Greek texts, and confirming an opinion advanced with regard to measures of capacity. Other ostraka in the collection, of which there are a great number, refer to that kind of oath called in French *serment décisoire*. Several of these were commented upon and explained. They included oaths taken about crops, the succession of property, accusation of thefts from the catacombs, &c.; a demand for the liberation of a slave; the delivery of property, which latter explained some interesting facts in the laws of the period. This included the consideration of a number of documents recording the manner in which a certain house was left by its owner, and the various hands through which the ownership of it passed. M. Revillout's paper concluded with a request for precise information as to the situation of the Copt houses destroyed of late years from which the ostraka had been recovered.

### FINE ART.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

##### I.

THIS year's exhibition of the Royal Academy is perhaps distinguished from its forerunners, in so far as it contains less absolutely inferior work than has been seen in many previous exhibitions. But, on the other hand, there are shown fewer pictures than ever of the first or even the second rank, and it cannot, in truth, be affirmed that the level of interest or excellence attained is, save in quite exceptional instances, a very high one. It is, of course, not to be expected that artists of matured style and assured position should, at a late stage of their career, manifest new aspirations, or attempt any alteration in the aim and scope of their art; but, even among the young and promising representatives of the English schools, we look in vain for a more serious tendency, a higher view of the functions of art, an aim more earnest than the mere desire to please with as little sacrifice of artistic power as may be. The principle of the greatest happiness to the greatest number may be an admirable one in political economy, but as a guide in art it is fallacious,

and, under existing conditions, not easily reconcilable with true effort; for the greatest number must be guided into the straight path before they can truly and deeply enjoy. There is evidenced, with few exceptions, no attempt to look at nature from a more sincere and less shallow and conventional point of view, but rather a tendency to be led away by the superior skill and accomplishment of the modern foreign schools, and to adopt their technique and mannerisms, without fully understanding their point of view. There is more reason than ever bitterly to regret the premature extinction of the school of George Mason and Frederick Walker, who, by their noble example, promised to infuse new blood into English art, and to guide it back into the true path of sincerity and the loving contemplation of nature. Their manner—which in their imitators degenerates into mannerism—has survived; but their essential aims have been ignored or insufficiently apprehended. At the same time, it is only fair to record that, as regards technique, very considerable progress is evident on all hands. Indeed, save for a few striking exceptions, the astonishing crudities which formerly disfigured the walls of the Academy have in a great measure disappeared, and may in the natural course of events be expected to vanish completely.

It has unfortunately become a painful duty to speak out plainly on the subject of the works exhibited year by year by Mr. Herbert and some other Academicians of long standing. The public has shown exemplary patience, but impunity seems only to have emboldened the painters indicated to persist in a course which is nothing short of an offence to the Academy itself and to a public less disposed than formerly to accept the situation with equanimity, seeing how many other opportunities are now afforded in London of ascertaining what the art of painting really is. Mr. Herbert exhibits this time no less than seven pictures, some of which, for the reason that they are less prominent, are less offensively bad than those of some former years; at least four, however, are equal to his most astonishing productions. There was found one to cry to the great Corneille—with whose career we are not, however, to be understood to parallel that of the painter in other respects—when he had in his decadence produced his tragedies of "Agésilas" and "Attila," "Après l'Agésilas, hélas! Mais après l'Attila, hélas!" The "Attila" stage has long been overpassed, and were the regulations of the Royal Academy as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, there must yet be found means of putting a stop to a serious scandal—one, indeed, which is even more productive of injury to the fast waning prestige of the Royal Academy itself than to the art world, with whom resentment is half smothered by amusement.

A series of cattle-pieces are exhibited by Mr. Sidney Cooper, and a single portrait-piece by Mr. Horsley.

Works aspiring to grapple with the highest themes, or to deal with the representation of the select human form, are, as usual, rare in the exhibition, and pure decoration is represented only by the painted frieze sent by Sir Frederick Leighton, and by one or two works of a similar type. Mr. Poynter sends the much-talked-of "Diadumenos" (322), a subject avowedly suggested—as the name shows—by the famous "Diadumenos" of Polykleitos, of which a late copy is to be seen at the British Museum. It is an entirely nude female figure, who stands facing the spectator, in an attitude of repose, erect on a marble floor, in the act of binding round her head a yellow fillet. The scene is an elaborately ornamented chamber in a bath, suggesting in its style of decoration rather the Ponaean than the pure



Greek style. The figure is finely drawn and modelled, although the lower limbs—as is usual with this painter—are somewhat wanting in grace and suppleness; and it stands out well, too, amid its elaborate surroundings, atmosphere and space being skilfully obtained; but the face is vacuous and unmeaning, and the whole, though it has elevation of purpose and perfect purity of intention, does not reveal that supreme grace of style which should adorn so ambitious a study. Mr. Albert Moore, weary, no doubt, of being met with the reproach that he constantly repeats himself, sends this year a piece which is a rather marked variation from his later style: he entitles it, "White Hydrangea" (356). A nude female figure, whose blond tresses are crowned with a small black velvet toque, is seen standing in a court-yard or chamber, in the act of opening a door, and around her are disposed groups of the flower which gives its name to the picture. In so far as it is a harmony compounded of white and pale grey, relieved with touches of yellow, black, and rose colour, and by contrast enhancing the delicately tinted carnations of the central figure, it is highly successful, as can well be imagined, Mr. Moore being the painter; but, as study from the nude, it must be pronounced a failure. The torso of the figure has evidently been studied from a statue—apparently the Aphrodite of Melos—rather than from life, and with it the lower limbs scarcely seem to accord. The whole is crowned with a pretty, modern, girlish head, in the artist's usual manner, the effect of which, it must be owned, is, under the circumstances, somewhat comic. Mr. Armitage sends the largest canvas in the exhibition, "After the Arena" (792), showing a chamber in the lower cavities of the amphitheatre, into which the almost unclothed body of a young Christian is being lowered, after martyrdom in the arena, to be abandoned to his sorrowing relatives, apparently collected to receive it. The subject, in itself somewhat improbable, is not one which, unaided, explains itself, and this deprives the picture of some portion of the pathos sought to be attained; but it is nobly drawn and grouped in the artist's own severe and slightly grim fashion, and the colour, though flat and dull, does not appear, under the circumstances, inappropriate. Considering the dearth of works of the kind in the English schools, it is entitled to be treated with considerable respect.

The frieze "Music," contributed by the President, is apparently a portion of the same decoration to which belonged the "Dancing," exhibited on a former occasion, but it is greatly superior to the latter in decorative effect. The contrast between the varying hues of the figures and the bright blue sky, clouded with white, of the background against which they are relieved, is somewhat too stringent as the picture is now placed, the eye being dazzled rather than satisfied; but this very contrast will no doubt enhance the effect of the work when it is in place. The painter has, perhaps, had in view the mode in which, according to modern notions, the effect of the sculptured friezes of the Greek temples was enhanced with colour.

And now to proceed to the works coming under the head of "genre," a category under which the majority of the works produced by English artists, other than such as deal with portraiture and landscape proper, may be brought.

If Mr. Orchardson's "The Salon of Mme. Récamier" is not, perhaps, his best or most faultless achievement, there must yet be accorded to it, on the whole, the post of honour, as the most attractive picture of the year. It is a somewhat bold venture on the part of an Englishman to have selected a subject so thoroughly French in spirit, and requiring for its adequate presentment so much of the

*finesse* and refinement which were the chief characteristics of the personages whom the painter has sought to evoke. Though it would be too much to affirm that he has been absolutely successful in investing his collection of portraits with the precise imprint of their period and their nationality—and the task is one of extraordinary difficulty—the result is yet a picture charming in many respects, and interesting alike for the historical and social reminiscences called up, and, with some few drawbacks, as a consummate piece of technique. The faultlessly beautiful Mme. Récamier then—about 1800—in the hey-day of her youth and triumphant success, reclines, clothed in a spotless white dress of the so-called classic style of the period, listening to the conversation of some of her numerous admirers, who are seated "en cercle" at a certain distance from her: around, seated or standing in skilfully varied attitudes, are other prominent members of her brilliant court. Among those portrayed are Fouché, Talleyrand, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Bernadotte, the Duc de Montmorency, and many other celebrated personages. The chief fault of the picture is that it is not so much a discreetly animated gathering, having movement and a certain dramatic unity, as a cleverly posed and varied gallery of portraits, with the reigning divinity as a central point of attraction. Her exquisite beauty, as it is here depicted, suggests, perhaps, English high breeding and repose, rather than the supreme indefinable *séduction* with which the enigmatical beauty was credited, and which appears to have been the secret of her unbroken success: this not altogether complete realisation of the nationality sought to be suggested is evident, too, in some of the other personages represented. Others, however, are admirable. The Bernadotte is the very type of the confident self-made soldier, and to his pronounced individuality the "grand air" and languid elegance of the Duc de Montmorency form a marked contrast. Though the heavy features and massive person of Mme. de Staël—who appears seated to the left—are rendered with seeming exactness, scant justice is done to the undoubted dignity of her manner and to the well-known studied graces of her attitudes. Technically speaking, the execution is spirited and delicate, in Mr. Orchardson's well-known style, which is now only open to the reproach of an undue streakiness of touch and an occasional emptiness in the handling. The tone and keeping are admirable, and the colour has passages of great charm, though it suffers in general effect from an undue and insufficiently relieved predominance of hot tints. To instance one detail among many: the drawing and colouring of the brilliantly-tinted Aubusson carpet and of the large lustres of crystal and gold are triumphantly successful. The portrait of "Mrs. Ralli" by the same artist, though the face is drawn with great care, and the whole has rich passages of colour, cannot be pronounced an unqualified success: the face of the lady has little life or character, and the painting on this scale appears somewhat to lack solidity and frankness of handling.

Mr. Millais' chief contribution, "The Ruling Passion" (212), is, according as we choose to look at it, a *genre* subject treated on a large scale, or one of those collective family portraits such as a Franz Hals or an Adrian v. Ostade delighted to paint. The scene is the interior of a study, in which are scattered about birds of all hues and sizes, exotic and indigenous, stuffed, and to be stuffed. On a couch in the middle of the room, lies, covered with blankets, an invalid, a man well in years, who with an expression of calm enjoyment displays and explains his treasures to a numerous family, consisting of a young woman and boys and girls of all sizes. These look on

attentively, showing varying degrees of interest, overborne in most instances by compassion for the pretty bright-hued creatures exhibited to them. All are full life-size, and all are evidently faithful portraits. Some portions of the picture are worthy of high admiration, and are such as few or none save Mr. Millais, among Englishmen, could have painted. The old naturalist is a capital figure, and above all there should be noticed the very remarkable drawing and modelling, in a difficult position, of the head of the young woman who bends tenderly over him from the back of his sofa. The composition is, save for the undue prominence of the draperies and accessories, singularly harmonious and withal natural. On the other hand the general scheme of colour is heavy, dull, and unpleasing, though it is no doubt locally true; nor do the vivid spots of brightness obtained by the prismatic hues of the ornithological specimens adequately relieve its monotony and inharmonious effect. The chief reproach, however, to which the picture is open—and that a very grave one—is that the sentiment of the whole is, save in the single instance of the head of the young woman already referred to, of the cheapest and most easily attainable kind—of the class, indeed, to which Mr. Millais has of late somewhat acclimatised us. Better far, had the pretence of constructing out of the elements described a piece of pathetic genre been abandoned—and for such, indeed, it is on too large a scale—and had the work appeared as what it really is—a clever collection of portraits. In parts of the portrait of "The Lady Peggy Primrose," a pretty fair child, dressed in a fanciful frock of yellowish muslin, with a large salmon-pink sash, the painter is at his best. The gown and accessories are rendered with masterly skill, and the background, broadly and summarily painted, is highly appropriate: the face, on the other hand, is hardly as satisfactory, the carnations being open to the usual charge of paintiness, and the expression of unconscious childlike *naïveté* being scarcely realised to the full. In the "Simon Fraser, Esq." (1082) it is less easy than usual to recognise the hand of the master, for the modelling of the head is less searching, and the handling somewhat less solid than those to which Mr. Millais has accustomed us; but it is yet a capital and sympathetic performance.

Mr. Alma-Tadema's chief work, "A Reading from Homer" (276), must, as regards technique and accomplishment, rank as the most complete achievement of the year. The scene is again the well-known marble bench—this time on a large scale—overlooking a sea of turquoise blue, and flanked on the extreme right by what are apparently the bases of huge fluted pilasters, whose terminations scarcely, we think, represent any known type of pure Greek architecture, but rather seem to reproduce some specimen of semi-Asiatic art. On the right sits, bending eagerly forward, the rhapsodist, with a roll containing the poem on his knee. Prone on the ground, in the centre of the picture, lies a male figure, clad in goat-skins, gazing upwards in an attitude of rapt attention. A fair-haired woman of the type affected by the painter half lies on the bench, crowned with daffodils and holding a kind of tambourine, her left hand clasping that of a man reclining on the ground, whose disengaged arm supports on the other side a magnificent lyre, elaborately carved and painted. To the extreme left stands a man of haggard mien, wrapped in a cloak, and crowned with a chaplet of flowers. The feature of the composition is its absolute unity, both of line and purpose—qualities not always evidenced in the same degree in the master's works. All the personages are connected with, and drawn towards, the reciter, both dramatically and pictorially. With the technique, revealing as it does, in a high degree, the

painter's usual mastery in dealing with all problems of light, colour, texture and drawing, none but the hypercritical could find fault. The archaeological research and invention displayed are, if less prominent, which is a distinct gain to the general effect, yet very remarkable; the musical instruments especially being rendered with admirable skill and *vraisemblance*. If, however, the picture is considered from the higher point of view—and we are invited by its title to take this standpoint—we find it singularly wanting in all the more human and inspiring qualities which we might reasonably look for. The facial types, though they have an air of realistic truth, are of a low order, and not such as should have been selected for such a subject; and the interest displayed by the listeners in the recital of the great epic is but of a languid and unintelligent kind. Not so, surely, looked Greeks, even when fallen from their high estate, as they listened to the soul-stirring verses of their revered bard! So fine a subject should have fired the painter to a higher intellectual effort, and impelled him to produce a work nobler and more sympathetic in suggestion than the very admirable archaeological study and accomplished piece of technique which he here shows.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

#### THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOUR.

As long as the Society of Painters in Water-Colour remains a closed body, and as long as the Royal Academy declines to elect associates on the strength of their work in the lighter but not less honourable medium, it is likely that the best drawings by the newer men—and a good many others besides—will continue to be found at the Institute, which, whatever are its deficiencies, takes a liberal view of its own functions, and affords space promptly to the unknown, if the unknown be also the meritorious. Still, of course, the Institute, like the Society itself, bases no inconsiderable part of its claim to notice on the work of its elder members; and if Mr. Collier this year is not quite at his best, one who is yet more unmistakably a veteran—Mr. Hine—is at his most attractive. Mr. Collier's single contribution—"Near Burley"—a "Burley" of the New Forest, it would seem—has the manliness of method and the force of tone which are notes of his art: only it is a little less fascinating than the "Two green paths across a common wide" of a year or so ago. Even Jove nods. Mr. Hine has a delicious little drawing of sunset, with a sky of exquisite and subtle purity. What a memory for colour—what a long established certainty of hand! But it is in his more important work that there is to be sought the occasion for his popular success. It is one of those dainty and golden visions of the Downs and the cliffs, and of a placid sea with which—whatever he may paint besides—his name is perforce associated. Mr. Wimperis is almost as vigorous as Mr. Hine is subtle. He has, in the third room, a largish drawing, full of movement and air—a work refreshing by its energy as Mr. Hine refreshes by his sympathetic calm. And a very strong contrast, indeed, to Mr. Wimperis's work is that by Mr. Mole, whose landscape "Near Bettws-y-coed"—where, by the bye, it is proposed by the enthusiastic to establish a landscape school—is perhaps his most considered contribution, and the fullest of prettiness and of placidity. Of the popular virtue of neatness in Art, such painting is in large and undisturbed possession. Mr. Orrock's painting is of a school at once more modern and more ancient: modern because it is conceived in accordance with the ideals of to-day; ancient because the ideals of to-day

are founded, not upon the last generation, but upon an epoch long gone by.

Mr. Fulleylove, Mr. Elgood, and now Mr. Phené Spiers, distinguish themselves by a high taste in the selection of their themes, and pitch now a little upon nature, but more upon nature redeemed and beautified by art. Mr. Spiers has been to Hampton Court, and has painted "The Fountain Court" there. Clean, methodical work it is, and of quiet dignity. Mr. Fulleylove's are larger subjects; more intricate, and often with wider horizons. But the widest of his horizons is devoted to an effect as placid as that of his most restricted; and it is still in the noble disposition of noble buildings, and in the high grace of ordered gardens, that Mr. Fulleylove chiefly excels. He has a charming little "Tenby," however—silvery and pure; but it is yet rather to his front of "Hampton Court," and to "The Avenue," that the visitor to the Institute will turn. Mr. Elgood's schemes of colour are sometimes like Mr. Fulleylove's. When he paints a yew tree, with its dark golden green in the shadow of a sunlit day, it is of Mr. Fulleylove we think. Yet an austerity, a reticence, which in these scenes of the dignified and courtly garden Mr. Fulleylove will not choose to lay aside, we see little sign of in Mr. Elgood, who makes concessions to the multitude, who condescends to be gay. If choice must be made between the methods of the two, our own is certainly for the method of the former.

At the Institute, as may be supposed—everywhere where the opportunities of modern life are considered—there is a great deal of outdoor subject which is hardly to be included in landscape. Such are the themes of Mr. Wyllie, the accurate yet picturesque study of the ship under repair, and of the tidal river, and of the tug, and of the ascending or diffused smoke. Very spirited, very real, is all this work. Such are the themes—sometimes—of Mr. Walter Wilson, whose important drawing of the departure of the Guards is a study of the atmosphere of cities and of the movement of a crowd. And Mr. Towneley Green's work, too—"Gossip" and the like—is neither quite landscape, quite architecture, nor quite the figure. His most important piece is "A Journey by the Waggon," in which two little maids, with a carefully preserved portmanteau—figures of homely life and economical habit—await in the courtyard of the town inn the departure of the passenger waggon for some rural destination. Mr. Charles Green has several drawings. One of a hero of Waterloo, or "A Horse Guard of 1815," is in reality a portrait of Mr. Archer, the actor. Another is a delightfully dramatic conception of the half-witted Barnaby Rudge with the rioters. Yet another—and this is the most important—is the great drawing of "Little Nell and her Grandfather at the Races," already, if I remember rightly, described in these columns. It attracts general attention, and is about the most considerable illustration of Dickens ever made in water-colour.

I had never heard till the other day at the Institute—and since then we have heard again at the Academy—of Mr. Markham Skipworth, who has a lovely little drawing of a soft-coloured brown beauty, in a loose pink gown, lolling and playing with a kitten. It sounds nothing, of course; but it is painter's work, very tender and delicate, and of admirable harmony. Mr. Waterhouse has a vivid little drawing, luminous and rich, of a picturesque foreigner stretching herself against a wall—nothing, again, in the description, but again, likewise, a beautiful thing. "Heaven's Gate," by Mr. Blake Wirgman, is a figure piece, with the interest of love-story, and of love-story, too, that is dealt with not feebly nor sentimentally, but to which there is imparted the strenuousness of a profound passion. In execution, as

well as in conception, the thing is admirable. It is one of the most complete works in the gallery, worthily accomplishing a not unworthy aim. Miss Mary Gow's "A Lesson by Heart" is a simpler study of colour and line. Showing only a child in a wicker chair, it aims at no story but at the pleasant exposition of chosen form and beautiful hue.

More important, of course, are the figure pieces of Mr. Linton, Mr. Small, Mr. Gregory, and Mr. Abbey. The President has two drawings—single figures—owing much of what they possess of dramatic character to their association in the spectator's mind with the romance they illustrate. For both are drawn from the "title story," as we may call it, of Scott's great series. They are Waverley himself and Rose Bradwardine. They are less dramatic than certain others of the Scott series painted by Mr. Linton; assuredly less dramatic than the "Varney," which was, perhaps, the highest success of the painter in this kind. But as successes in pure painting, they yield precedence perhaps to none of the whole set. The flesh colour is good; the realisation of the raiment unsurpassable. Such art affords lasting pleasure, and it has nothing in common with the sensation of a day. More obviously daring and more resolutely brilliant—a great treat, we must deem it, in its own kind—is Mr. Small's one single figure piece, "The New Dress." A tall and slender lady, in a brocade, I take it, of reddish and pale orange, and herself with the warmest of gold-red hair, stands, or almost moves, surveying with delight her latest gown. With extraordinary boldness the pink of coral is introduced into the red-gold hair, and these and the fair face are set against a background of full and noble blue. The expression of face and figure is so true to the light and trivial incident that the draughtsmanship may rightly claim to be quietly dramatic. Quietness is not the virtue found or sought in so audacious an experiment in colour, but brilliance, rather, and triumphant brilliance. Mr. E. J. Gregory's drawing is practically the "House Boat" of last year's Academy. The swans are not fighting here. They are in quiet possession: swans at rest instead of swans in action. But the figures are the same: the lady in pale pink standing with hand shading her eyes, at the door of the house boat; the younger lady—almost a child—in navy blue and red, and posed exquisitely, as she is beheld back to us, with turned head, in the skiff. If it were necessary to contrast Mr. Abbey with Mr. Gregory, because we mention him next, certainly no contrast, among accomplished draughtsmen, could be more complete than that which these two artists offer. Neither, perhaps, is a colourist of infallible purity; but even in colour their deficiencies, when they occur, are different. Mr. Gregory is not always absolutely harmonious. Mr. Abbey has before now been harmonious at the cost of being black, though that is not so in his present drawing. And, to speak of the more mental characteristics, Mr. Gregory is contented with the outward aspect of the world. Is it offensive to say that, with all his undeniable qualities, he is a little of a materialist, satisfied with the visible beauties of line and hue? Mr. Abbey's art either is, or persuades itself that it is, more spiritual. In his themes—and here the theme is a girl playing on the harp to her saddened elders, whose day is done—there must always be a touch of sentiment, a breath of romance.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BROUGH STONE.

London: May 4, 1885.

So much valuable criticism on this stone has appeared in the pages of the ACADEMY, and has



led at length to a satisfactory reading which leaves only a few obliterated words in doubt, that it may seem almost superfluous to call further attention to the monument.

It is now lodged in the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge, where it is accessible to scholars without a long journey to the north of England, and a very able explanation of it has appeared in the *Cambridge University Reporter* (March 3), while a facsimile from a photograph has been given in the *Athenaeum* (November 22, 1884). In all that has yet been written respecting the lettering and interpretation, little notice has been taken of the ornamentation of the stone, the palm branches on the sides of the inscription and the panelled lines at the top. They have been considered simply as ornamental, and rude attempts at embellishment. These ornaments are sometimes not without significance, as may be gathered from other Roman and Greek monuments.

The stone is commemorative of a youth of the age of sixteen years, who bore the name of *Hermes*, the Latin *Mercury*. The god *Hermes* had a variety of attributes, which are well known to students of heathen mythology.

The inscription on the stone seems to allude to the connexion of the name of the god with that of the youth named after him. It is so regarded by Prof. Clark in his elegant metrical rendering of the Greek reading, but it is not generally borne in mind that the palm branch was sacred to *Hermes*, and that the number four was also sacred to that God.

We have on the stone two palm branches and four lines in each panel at the top, the panel being also formed of four lines, and the two panels placed together are also contained within four lines. Are these also allusive to the god *Hermes* and his namesake?

Some of the Greek words used in the inscription might also be considered as suggested by attributes of *Hermes*, but this I would not press too far. I am only desirous to call the attention of archaeologists to points which appear to have been overlooked, and perhaps what has already been said is enough to elicit further and fuller information on this interesting monument.

H. M. SCARTH.

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. W. M. RAMSAY, the new professor of archaeology at Oxford, is giving two courses of lectures this term on "Olympia: the Art and Antiquities of the Altis," and on "Greek Vase Painting in Attica, 500 to 450 B.C."

SATURDAY, May 16, has been appointed for the private view of the summer exhibition of the 19th Century Art Society at the Conduit Street galleries, and the exhibition will be opened to the public on Monday, May 18.

A SECOND exhibition of drawings and sketches by Miss Seymour, in pastels, will be held in London, in the Gallery, No. 103, New Bond Street, during the last week in May and the first three weeks in June of this year. The artist has been spending a winter in Rome, and two summers among the mountains in Switzerland, and has employed a somewhat novel method to produce effects not usually obtained in oil or water-colour.

We have received the first number of the *American Journal of Archaeology*. (Baltimore.) As to the full title of this periodical, there is a discrepancy between the title-page and the cover; on the former the words "for the study of the Monuments of Antiquity and of the Middle Ages" are added to the designation above quoted, while on the latter the additional words are "and of the History of the Fine Arts." In the present number the most attractive, and by no means the least learned,

of the articles is one relating to mediæval art—"The Revival of Sculpture in Europe in the Thirteenth Century," by Dr. A. L. Frothingham, Jun., which is illustrated with several engravings and two very interesting heliotype plates representing some of the sculptures in Notre Dame and Chartres Cathedral. Under the title of "The First American Classical Archaeologist" Prof. C. Eliot Norton gives a short account of the life and work of John Izard Middleton, who, in 1812, published a book, illustrated from his own drawings, on the pre-historic remains of Latium. Dr. Waldstein writes on "The Panathænaic Festival and the Central Slab of the Parthenon Frieze," adopting the opinion that the boy represented on the central slab is not, as has been commonly supposed, presenting to the priest the sacred peplos of Athene, but is simply holding the priest's own garment, which he has laid aside to prepare for the act of sacrifice. Dr. Waldstein's interpretation of the whole subject of this frieze is that it represents the *synoikia* of Theseus; the form under which this event was exhibited being, however, that of the contemporary Panathænaia. The style of the article seems somewhat unconnected. Prof. A. C. Merriam has an article on "Inscribed Sepulchral Vases from Alexandria," with a page of photographs and some reduced facsimiles of inscriptions; and Mr. A. R. Marsh writes on "Ancient Crude Brick Construction and its Influence on the Doric Style." A review of Dr. Wright's *The Empire of the Hittites*, by Dr. Francis Brown, deserves careful attention, and the thirty-three pages given to the "News Department" are well employed—indeed, this seems to us by far the most valuable portion of the periodical. On the whole we can scarcely say that the *Journal* comes up to the expectations we had formed on the ground of the eminence of the scholars who constitute its editorial staff.

ENCOURAGED by the success of similar publications, M. Quantin has issued this year, in large quarto form, *Le Salon Artiste*, which contains not only reproductions of the pictures exhibited, but also ornamental designs and other sketches drawn by the painters, thus greatly enriching the volume. The English publisher is Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

#### THE STAGE.

MR. IRVING's return to the Lyceum Theatre is about the most welcome circumstance of the theatrical year; and he has come back from America with undiminished energy, and with wholly unspoiled art. It is, indeed, averred by those who have seen him in "Hamlet" since his return that he commands even more completely than heretofore the resources allowed him by Nature, and improved unmistakably by experience. Miss Terry's Ophelia retains, it is considered, in completeness, its familiar charm, and actor and actress are supported by a company, some of whom are not deficient in gifts, and all of whom are sufficiently instructed in the business of the scene. A short series of revivals is now in progress—Mr. Irving presenting several of the pieces which have been most successful in the American tour—and in a week or two we shall see Mr. Willis's "Olivia"—his adaptation, that is to say, of Goldsmith's exquisite story. The play affords to Miss Terry one of her best characters; a sympathetic part entirely within her range. How will it be as regards Mr. Irving? That remains to be seen.

We do not know that the Browning Society's performance of "The Blot on the Scutcheon"—given at St. George's Hall last week—was quite as successful—it certainly was not quite as moving—as that of "In a Balcony," which was played one night in the late autumn. But if it was not as moving, that is probably owing to the

absence of Miss Alma Murray, who in "In a Balcony" played with a very remarkably union of intensity and grace. Her comrades were less distinguished—more on a par, that is to say, with the ladies and gentlemen who last week tried their hands on "The Blot." Mr. Fry, of the Irving Dramatic Club, who certainly managed the stage business well, and had apparently rehearsed the performers with sufficiency, was not an ideal, but he was a tolerable Mertoun. Mertoun was a timid person—wanting in moral backbone, we surmise. He was not a true hero of romance. He was a youth who made a very great mistake. But on the stage—mistake or not—it is almost necessary to sympathise with him. And we, for our parts, did not sympathise very actively with Mr. Fry. For Mr. Fry was at best only respectable. He was never charming. The real success of the evening was won by the gentleman—an amateur of great mark—who played Lord Tresham. This gentleman, who has gifts of presence and intelligence and fire of delivery, acted his part excellently. The Austin—the younger brother—was, like Mertoun, a little wanting in distinction and charm. We think we may, without excess of optimism, be indulgent to the lady who played Guendolen. One or two of her short utterances of comedy were delivered quite well, and with some earnestness she spoke the words in Mildred's defence and support. Mildred—who looked well in a pale silver-grey plush, fashioned like the dress of a Vandyke—had many good moments, many significant gestures. At other times, it was felt that she wanted variety and freedom of movement. The performance was praiseworthy, but not complete. We do not ourselves feel quite sure that the entertainment as a whole—interesting as it undoubtedly was—permitted people to judge of the suitability of the play to the contemporary stage. There is more action in it—more that an audience recognises as action—than in "In a Balcony," and on this account it gets its additional chance. On the other hand, there is a certain unity belonging to "In a Balcony," which "The Blot" appears to lack. In "In a Balcony" there is at least no anti-climax, if the climax itself is reached with what to the quite ordinary playgoer would be some tediousness. In "The Blot," on the other hand, there is something not unlike an anti-climax in the comparatively slow scene that succeeds to the death of Mertoun. A spectator habituated to the dexterous construction of modern French playwrights would demand that with the scene of Mertoun's death the piece should end—not, of course, at the moment of his death, for none other than a tragic combination can be in waiting for Tresham and for Mildred—but as directly as may be, and in the same place. And we are disposed to conjecture that, had Mr. Browning written the piece to-day instead of forty years ago—when the conditions of the stage and the habits of dramatic construction were so different—he would himself have done something to simplify the scenic arrangement in this sense.

F. WEDMORE.

#### MUSIC.

##### RECENT CONCERTS.

SEÑOR SARASATE, the eminent Spanish violinist, is once again in London, delighting everyone by the purity of his intonation and the perfection of his technique, and astonishing everyone by his extraordinary *tour-de-force*. At his first concert on April 18, at St. James's Hall, he played Max Bruch's concerto in D minor; at the second, on May 2, Beethoven's in D major. His interpretation of the latter work is in many respects very fine, but it lacks the earnestness and intellectual power which Joachim displays. When Señor Sarasate has concluded his classical task, and gives himself up to showy pieces,

then, indeed, he seems in his true element. The difficult and clever cadenza which he introduces in the first movement of the Beethoven concerto is not dignified enough. The programme of the second concert included Mozart's Symphony in E flat, and the Entr'actes and Airs de Ballet from Schubert's "Rosamunde." The rendering of the Symphony under Mr. Cusins's direction was rough. At the third concert next Monday Señor Sarasate will introduce a new concerto by Bernard.

The second Richter concert took place last Monday evening. After a magnificent performance of the "Meistersinger" overture came Haydn's Symphony in C (Letter R). This is one of the composer's most genial works, and, though simple in comparison with modern scores, Herr Richter had evidently rehearsed it with the utmost care. The rendering was beautifully finished and delicate. Musicians sometimes speak of Herr Richter specially as a great interpreter of Beethoven and Wagner; but he has the power of yielding himself up completely to the spirit of the composer whose music he is, for the time being, interpreting. Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" followed, and gave perfect satisfaction. Liszt's "Mephisto Walzer," which came next, was brilliantly performed, but nothing will make us like this eccentric and ugly composition. If Herr Richter will play Liszt, why does he not give us some of his best things? The "Walzer" has now been played three times at these concerts, and we hope Mephisto's vulgar fiddle strains will be heard no more. The concert concluded with Beethoven's C minor Symphony. The room was crowded.

Miss Amina Goodwin gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. She played Schumann's "Faschingschwank aus Wien," but her technique showed signs of imperfection, and her interpretation displayed no special taste or feeling. She attempted Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, but her memory failed her, and she utterly ruined the first movement. We were afraid to stop and hear the rest. Let Miss Goodwin take warning by this misfortune, and play in future with book: the greatest players sometimes come to grief, and the dangerous example they set should not be imitated. Miss G. Griswold, and Miss Lena Little contributed some interesting songs and duets by Brahms, Grieg, and Miss Mary Carmichael.

Herr Franz Rummel played Herr Dvorák's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor (op. 33) at the fifth Philharmonic Concert last Wednesday evening. The first movement, though it contains much that is interesting, is rather formal; but the *andante* which follows is a lovely gem. It has quite the character of an improvisation: the themes are quaint, the pianoforte part graceful, and the orchestration delicate and effective. The *finale* is clever, bright, and spirited. With a first movement of more power and originality, the work would rank among the most famous concertos of modern times. The part for the solo instrument is enormously difficult, and it contains many exceedingly uncomfortable passages. Herr Rummel played with skill and great refinement, and thoroughly deserved the applause bestowed on him at the close. The work was conducted by the composer. Another special feature of the evening was the performance of two movements from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet"—the *adagio* from the "Scène d'Amour" and the "Queen Mab" *scherzo*. We were disappointed with the former in the matter of colour and phrasing, the *scherzo* went far better. The programme included Beethoven's C minor Symphony, two overtures by Sterndale Bennett and Auber, and some pianoforte solos. Miss C. Elliot was the vocalist, and obtained great success. With the exception of the pianoforte concerto, all the music was conducted by Sir A. Sullivan.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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